

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

MR. "BENJAMIN SWIFT" is at present engaged on a philosophical work which will not be an attempt at constructive theory, but rather an analysis of human emotions and the fatality of temperaments. The author of "Nancy Noon," "Nude Souls," and "Sordon" may be expected to deal brilliantly with such a subject, but the work will not be complete yet awhile.

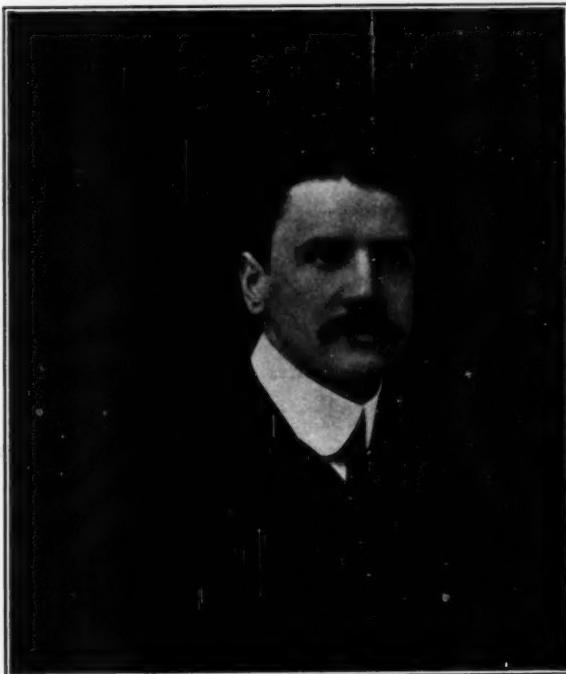
MR. LUCIEN WOLF, the writer of the brilliant article on Anti-Semitism in the new volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," is editing an edition of the works of Lord Beaconsfield, the centenary of whose birth occurs this year. There will be an introductory volume in the form of a life. If the edition really contains all the writings of Disraeli it will be a boon to students of biography as well as to lovers of fiction. Lord Beaconsfield has hardly yet achieved his rightful place as a man of letters: the glamour of his political work outshone for his contemporaries the brilliancy of his contributions to literature.

MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is finishing a novel, "The Merrygoround," which will be published this spring and an episode in which is the foundation of his play, "A Man of Honour."

A CORRESPONDENT has called me to task for writing to the effect that the public in this country really fond of good literature is but small and is not increasing as it should in correspondence with the increase of population and the still larger increase of those who can read. I must hold to my opinion, however, while quite willing to admit that it is a matter of opinion, for there are no figures which help us to come to any definite conclusion and any opinion formed must be the result of personal observation rather than founded upon statistics.

INDEED in this matter statistics are apt to be misleading. The reports issued by various public libraries are in stereotyped form and a comparison between, say, the works of fiction and of serious literature issued by any free lending library is not in itself truly informative. Roughly speaking, a constant reader of novels would consume many volumes in the time that it would take a student to assimilate, for example, Mr. Paul's "History" or the "Creevey Letters." What really counts is the amount of time spent by each man and woman on the perusal of what is generally admitted to be good literature, and I contend that very few people devote much, or, indeed, any of their time to the study of letters. Outside the business of life, be it work or pleasure, men were ever too ready to avoid all brain exercise and are becoming more and more so every day. This is bad both for literature, which

is in danger of losing touch with life and of becoming a mere "study" pursuit, and for the public, who are acquiring a slackness of thought and losing the benefit of that mental tonic which good literature alone can supply.



Mr. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM

[Photo, Agnes Jennings, London.]

In connection with this subject there is significance in the recent lecture upon "The Growing Distaste of the Many for the Higher Kinds of Poetry," delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. Alfred Austin. The lecturer asked what was the cause of this growing distaste, and answered that in his opinion it was partly the result of the rise of prose romance; fiction, he admitted, and all will agree, is a goodly means of abstracting oneself from the grind and toil of life, but abused by over-use is unwholesome and destructive to all taste and desire for finer things. But there are deeper reasons than that; the mass of literature to-day is terrifying and the indiscreet are ready to jump to the conclusion that they must have their reading done for them and be content with extracts, résumés and criticisms; that is another cause of the evil, and there are still others. And the cure? Though I run the risk of being censured for repetition, I will again urge that the cure lies in the hands of those who are responsible for the education of the country, not only of the education

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of young folk but of elders too. English literature, like all other subjects of teaching, can be made dry or can be made appetising, and it is the duty of those in authority to look to it that it is made the latter in all our schools, public and private.

As for the older folk, I should like to see more attention given in University Extension courses to English literature, and to learn that classes were being formed in connection with them. A steady course of reading with a definite aim braces the whole mental being, increases the grasp of a man's understanding, and gives him the ability to distinguish in everyday life between essentials and non-essentials. I should like also to see every effort made to strengthen that excellent association The Home Reading Union. And I should welcome a sixpenny "Fortnightly" or "Nineteenth Century" and a shilling "Quarterly." The one hopeful sign of the literary times is that good literature is cheap.

THERE is good reading in Mrs. George Bancroft's "Letters from England in 1846-49," published in Scribner's. This lady was the wife of the historian whom she married in 1838, and accompanied him to England in 1846 when he was appointed American Minister at the court of St. James, seeing "London life under an unusual variety of interesting aspects." In these letters we rub shoulders among other well-known folk with Lord Holland, Samuel Rogers, Macaulay, Dean Milman, Lady Morgan, Macready, not to speak of mere politicians and statesmen. It is pleasant to note that there are more letters to come. Are there not in our country stores of similar correspondence which might and should see the light? There is also in the same magazine an interesting article on "Charles Keene as an Etcher," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

IN "Saint George" for January there is much edifying reading, notably Dean Kitchin's admirable lecture on "The Romantic Period of Letters," and the Reverend J. Hunter Smith's "The Evolution of the Idea of Love: Being the Revelation of the Unknown Eros."

THE passing fashions of the literary hour, at any rate as regards fiction, are subject matter for some pretty verse in "The New York Bookman"; but what will literary historians in 2,904 make of this:-

Who'll now "The Christian's" woes relate?
Poor "Knighthood's Flower," you'll all agree
Is "Run to Seed," and much that fate
O'ertook the whole "White Company."
"Red Rock" is lost; inaudibly
"The Choir Invisible" makes cheer,
And "Trilby" sobs th' insistent plea;
Where are the books of yester-year?"

Where indeed?

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON, in the same monthly, in a paper on "Some Truths About American Readers," gives us the following pleasing verdict on the Italy of to-day: "She reeks with rottenness, degradation, disease; she is a thing of the far past, gangrene, crying out for decent burial." In another passage she says: "I have grown to question if we Americans are really humorists or merely a race with a strong, youthful sense of the ridiculous—a vastly different thing from true humour." Is it polite for a writer sprung from a young country to call an old country by such unpleasant names? Americans have at any rate a sufficiency of true humour to appreciate how

ridiculous is bombast and childish abuse. Really a writer of the calibre of Mrs. Atherton should know better.

WHO actually wrote Yvette Guilbert's "La Vedette"? The question is not easy to answer. Yvette Guilbert published it as her own and as hers a German firm translated it into German. The book is a story of "Café-Concert" life. There is no fine and delicate humour in it, no fine and delicate sentiment. Nevertheless, it contains both humour and sentiment of a kind; of the kind, in fact, to be expected in men and women who have no place for delicacies of any sort but who suffer the human tragedies like the rest. The book, like the life, is vulgar even in its pathos and piteous even in its comedy. But it is neither foolish nor quite insignificant. The observation is always sincere, careful, persistent, and the truth of the whole description is patent on every page.

YVETTE GUILBERT is a very clever woman as well as a well-known singer in music halls. It created no great surprise, therefore, that she should write a study of the life of these places. The book was a success, when suddenly came the accusation, from the German publisher, of false authorship, and a Monsieur Byl obligingly stepped forward to protest himself the real writer. A mass of correspondence is put into the court—the letters written by Madame Guilbert upon the subject. From a perusal of them one comes first of all to the conclusion that the writer possesses a very individual and charming literary style, and, secondly, that "La Vedette" was undoubtedly the result of collaboration.

THE affair seems to have commenced as follows. One day Madame Guilbert received a letter asking her to collaborate upon a work of "Café-Concert" life. To this she wrote back that she knew absolutely nothing about Café Concerts. At a fixed hour she drove to the building, dressed herself in a room by herself, went on the stage, sang, and drove off again. After an interview, however, she consented to the literary effort. Only Monsieur Byl, whose intentions were from the beginning frankly and exclusively pecuniary, stipulated that the publication as far as he was concerned should bring only money—the glory he left to the lady. A book published under his own name would pass unnoticed; in hers pecuniary benefit was certain, and pecuniary benefit was his one and only object.

BUT now comes the interesting intensification of the mystery—the climax to an extraordinary literary episode. Monsieur Byl sent his copy to Madame Guilbert in a handwriting clearly not his own. And one day in the parcel of manuscript she found a note addressed to him. "Here is the fifth instalment of 'copy.' Marsolleau." So Monsieur Byl did not write his own contributions and "La Vedette" was indebted to a third contributor! The mystery is still unlifted. Certainly Monsieur Byl, who was paid generously out of the profits, cuts a sorry figure in the business. His threats when demanding still further remuneration are contemptible. Legally the case ended in a victory for Madame Guilbert. From the point of view of law she remains the authoress of "La Vedette." Assistance was rendered, but she undoubtedly not only wrote a large part of the work herself, but repeatedly urged her collaborator, or collaborators, to sign with her for publication. Also, as the judge observed, Monsieur Byl's letters alone prove him incapable of rendering anything but the very slightest literary assistance to

anybody, while his acknowledgment of the money paid, is given for revision, and "small services rendered" in connection with the book.

ONLY there is a literary moral to the story. In writing a book it is best to write it oneself, or when assistance is given to acknowledge it, for the silence of those still capable of speaking is never in this world to be relied upon.

THE death of the Master of the Temple comes with a sense of personal loss, even to those who did not possess the advantage of his friendship. He was a man of wide sympathy and great culture, and will live long in the affections of those who love Charles Lamb, whose works, including the letters, he edited and whose life he wrote for the "English Men of Letters" series. He was born in the year 1837, and was a life-long sufferer from ill health, which prevented him from playing the great part in life for which his gifts adapted him. He was Reader at the Temple Church from 1866 to 1892, was appointed Canon of Bristol in 1887 and Master of the Temple in 1894. He was a wit and a scholar, and will live always not only in the memories of those who were privileged to know him, but of those, also, who respect integrity, modesty and learning.

COULD the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" learn in the Shades of the present running to and fro in the earth in search of examples of his pictorial art, he would probably conceal in a fine affectation of scornful amusement his pride in the ultimate triumph of his genius. But the posthumous recognition of genius is no new thing; in Mr. Whistler's case admiration had preceded death, and only the final touch of nature was needed to set enthusiasts everywhere in diligent search of even the most trivial and uninspired productions of the master. In his native America and in his adopted Britain Whistler is being made the sole or the central attraction in picture exhibitions large and small. Perhaps the Royal Scottish Academy can do so with better grace than some other similar institutions, for Whistler was early recognised in Scotland, and some of his most notable works have their home there.

HOWEVER that may be, the R.S.A. has succeeded in bringing together at its show in Edinburgh no fewer than fifty-three examples of Whistler's work in every medium, except lithography, to which he set his hand. Chief of these are the Glasgow Corporation's "Thomas Carlyle," two "Miss Alexander's," the artist's portrait of himself in grey-blue studio dress, and "Sir Henry Irving in the character of Philip of Spain." In other kinds are the "Golden Screen," belonging to Lord Battersea, "Old Battersea Bridge," and "Trafalgar Square"; but the etchings were shown on the press view day in the small octagon room where the light was not good enough to show them at their best. Whistler's successor in the Presidency of the "International" is represented by a small but finely conceived sculpture entitled "Frère et Soeur."

COINCIDENTLY with the presidency of Sir James Guthrie, there has been a diminution in the number of accepted exhibits at the Royal Scottish Academy, and this year at least there has been a contingent improvement in the quality of the work that makes the exhibition perhaps the best that has ever been held by the Academy. The

President is represented by two portraits, one of Lady Alice Shaw Stewart, simple, womanly and refined; the other of Dr. William Jack, Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow University, skilfully realised. Other notable portraits are of "Madame la Baronne de H." by Mr. John Lavery; of that very militant Scottish ecclesiastic the Rev. Principal Hutton, by Sir George Reid, the ex-President of the R.S.A.; and of the veteran Glasgow artist, Mr. Joseph Henderson, by his son, Mr. John Henderson. For the rest, a list of the exhibitors would be little more than a catalogue of the leading Scottish artists—nearly all of whom are worthily represented—supplemented by a few others with work of high quality in the loan section.

Bibliographical

I SEEM to find in current literature, periodical and otherwise, a tendency to adapt well-known verse for the purposes of quotation. Thus, towards the end of Mr. William Canton's new "History of the British and Foreign Bible Society" one comes across the following, brought in at the end of a paragraph:—

The whole round earth was every way
Bound about the feet of God.

This, of course, is an adaptation of—

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

In like manner, in the current issue of the "Cornhill" (page 200), Clough's lines—

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know—

appear in this altered form:—

Where was the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead is all the sailors know.

Mr. Canton's mal-quotation is the worse of the two, but both instances are to be deprecated, for they tend to the debasing of the poetic currency. I see, by the way, that Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in his "American Prisoner," makes one of his characters ascribe the familiar utterance, "Let us swear an eternal friendship," to "the man in the play." But it was not a man, you remember; it was a woman. Men don't do these things, even in burlesques.

Mr. William Archer, I note, dedicates his new book, "Real Conversations," "to G. R. H., oldest of friends." A good many years it is, indeed, since Mr. Archer and Mr. G. R. Halkett—then, I believe, resident in Edinburgh—were concerned together in the production of "The Fashionable Tragedian," a bitter and undiscriminating attack on the acting of Henry Irving. This was in 1877, after the actor had "taken the town" successively as Digby Grant, Mathias, Charles I., Richelieu, Hamlet, and Richard III. The little pamphlet, which was issued in Edinburgh, was made specially pungent by Mr. Halkett's not at all good-natured caricatures. In the letterpress Mr. Archer was aided by another of his friends—the late Mr. R. W. Lowe, who made the *amende* to Henry Irving when, in 1888, he dedicated his "English Theatrical Literature" to the actor "whose genius and achievements have so powerfully promoted that revival of interest in matters dramatic to which it owes its existence." In 1877 Mr. Halkett was twenty-two and Mr. Archer twenty-one; they are now forty-nine and forty-eight respectively, and probably have long regretted this misdeed of their youth.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his "Highways and Byways of Sussex," naturally devotes a chapter to Brighton, in connection with which he quotes in full the stanzas on that watering-place which appeared in James and Horace Smith's "Horace in London" (1813)—"Now fruitful

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autumn lifts his sunburnt head," and so forth. But the true laureate of Brighton was Mortimer Collins, with his—

If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,
Seascapes divine which the merry winds whiten,
Nice little saints and still nicer young sinners,
Winter at Brighton!

Next to Collins, though longo intervallo, I should put Mr. Ashby-Sterry, whose stanzas have equal gusto but not



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[Photo, Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

quite the same gaiety and ease. Here is the best of them : —

If spirits you would lighten,
Consult good Doctor Brighton,
And swallow his prescriptions and abide by his decree;
If nerves be weak or shaken,
Just try a week with Bacon,
His physic soon is taken—
At our London-by-the-Sea.

One cannot remember everything; and it is not surprising, therefore, that one of the reviewers of "A Magdalen's Husband" should have described its author, Mr. Vincent Brown, as "a newcomer in the field of fiction." Nevertheless, it is eight years since Mr. Brown published his first story, "My Brother," the power and freshness of which were recognised by at least some of the critics. Then came, in 1898, "Ordeal by Compassion" and "The Romance of a Ritualist," followed in 1899 by "Two in Captivity." No one of these fulfilled the promise of "My Brother"; but in "A Magdalen's Husband" that promise, I venture to think, is more than accomplished.

The outlines of the bibliography of the late Canon Ainger do not occupy much space. They are concerned mainly with his work *re Lamb*, which appears to have

begun in 1878 with the monograph contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series (reprinted in 1888). Then came editions of the "Tales from Shakespeare" (1879, 1883, 1886), the "Essays of Elia" (1883), the "Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays" (1884), "Mrs. Leicester's School, &c." (1885), the "Letters of Charles Lamb" (1888), and the "Life and Works" (1899). Then there is what Dr. Ainger did for Thomas Hood—the preface to Hood's "Humorous Poems" (1893) and the edition of the complete Poems (1897). There is also the preface to Galt's "Annals of the Parish" and "Ayrshire Legatees" (1895). Add to the above the "Sermons Preached in the Temple Church" (1870), the editing of "Tennyson for the Young" (1891), and the recent monograph on Crabbe (1903), and you have, I think, practically the sum total of the Canon's literary "output."

The promise of the Rev. G. R. Gleig's personal recollections of the "great Duke" of Wellington sends the mind back to his "Life" of the Duke (1862), based partly upon the work by Brailmont and partly upon hitherto unpublished matter. For the rest, one is amazed, when one comes to think of it, at the reverend gentleman's literary fecundity—his "Subaltern," his "Hussar," his "Light Dragoon," his "Soldier's Help," his "Soldier's Manual of Devotion," his "Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions," his "Lives" of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings and Sir Walter Scott, his "Waltham, or a Country Village," his "Country Curate," and his "Sermons." Then there were the two volumes of "Essays from the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly'" (published in 1858), and a host of compilations for the publishers.

THE BOOKWORM.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

The title of Madame Albarèsi's successful novel "Susannah and One Elder" (now in its third edition) has been changed to "Susannah and One Other," this alteration having been made in deference to the opinion of many reviewers and of her publishers, who appear to regard the original title as misleading and calculated to prejudice a large class of readers.—Mrs. B. M. Tanqueray has written a novel under the title of "The Royal Quaker" which will be issued by Messrs. Methuen on the 11th.—Mr. Arthur C. Benson has written a life of Tennyson which will be issued in Messrs. Methuen's Little Biographies Series in a few days. The book contains several illustrations.—The next two volumes to be added to the Little Quarto Shakespeare, issued by the same firm, are "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew."—Mr. John Lane announces two new volumes in the New Pocket Library, "Typee" and "Omoo," by Herman Melville. The editing has been placed in singularly appropriate hands, those of Mr. W. Clark Russell, who contributes an introduction to each volume. There are also notes to both books by Marie Clothilde Balfour. Other volumes will follow.—"The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," which will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., show Elizabeth transported from her German garden and on the enterprise of driving round the island of Rügen.—Professor A. C. Armstrong's treatise on "Transitional Eras in Thought," published by the Macmillan Co., is an enquiry into the development of Western thought and culture, with a special purpose of inferring from the study of previous transitional epochs the future which may be expected for our own era in speculation.

Reviews

A Glorious Art

BRITISH VIOLIN-MAKERS, CLASSICAL AND MODERN. By the Rev. W. Meredith Morris, B.A. (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. net.)

The compilation of this biographical dictionary must have cost the Rev. W. Meredith Morris a vast amount of loving labour, and we doubt not that the volume will form an indispensable item in the violinist's and violin-maker's library. In the space of 200 pages will be found biographical notices of between four and five hundred makers, these varying from a couple of lines to four whole pages. Many facsimiles of their labels are given—a most useful idea—besides photographs of their instruments and persons—an addition of more doubtful value. We make no pretensions to the possession of the special knowledge required to check Mr. Morris' great store of facts and dates; we can but criticise the introduction of fifty pages which prefaces the dictionary proper and comment upon the style of the work.

It seems to us that the first ten pages, which discuss the reason why the early English violin-makers adopted an inferior model, are a mere waste of words. Given a long-established instrument—the viol, and a foreign intruder—the violin—given the conservative character of the British workman—what else could be expected but that he would prefer the Stainer pattern to the Cremona? In seeking unnecessary reasons for the lack of enterprise Mr. Morris does not fail to make the old, old mistake of slandering the Puritans. "The furious bigotry of Anabaptists, Levellers, and Fifth-monarchy men," he says, "had placed music under a ban, and the gentle voice of melody had been drowned in the hoarse battle-cry of the 'saints'." It would seem that a charge once made by an early historian, however superficial and careless he be—we allude, of course, to Dr. Burney—can never be expunged, refute it as often as one may. We would recommend Mr. Morris to read Davey's "History of English Music" before he publishes his second edition. It cannot be too often reiterated that the Puritans were not such farcical humbugs as one finds them on the stage in a comic opera, but honest men who protested, only too successfully, against the vicious frivolity of the Stuarts, and effected a very necessary cleansing of our Church by abolishing its music, amongst other abuses. But music *as such* was not merely tolerated, but encouraged and practised by Puritans from Oliver Cromwell down to John Bunyan, as every educated man should know. It only serves to heighten the mystery surrounding the origin of violin tone, that after depreciating the adoption of and persistence in what is regarded as an inferior model, our author finds himself forced to own that these Parker, Banks, and Forster fiddles all possess a tone not in the least like that of Stainer, but rather like that of Amati. If this be true, what is there to worry about? But tone is a very difficult subject: there are too many factors concerned to render it wise to speak with such decision upon it as Mr. Morris sometimes allows himself to do. Indeed his enthusiasm for his subject leads him frequently to use descriptions of a florid and hyperbolical character which cannot but be repellent to the practical man for whom the book is presumably written. "Majesty intoxicated with the wine of the Graces," for instance, may be classical (though we fail to take the allusion), but is hardly definite; and to say (page 92) that "The notes drop off the strings like tears trickling down the beard of a weeping god" is surely to apply to the instrument a description more suitable to a performer. Some of our provincial critics in search of new terms of praise for Kubelik or Miss Marie Hall might here discover some gems of language quite in their style; as, for instance, "The

harmonics were as crisp as the jingle of frozen rush blown by the breath of winter." Being told that "Duke's varnish is elastic, soft, and transparent," we do not find it assist our conception of it when the author adds, "but it lacks unction. There is an air of aristocratic refinement about it which is quite unmistakeable, but we long for one sweet blush of the emotions." On page 18 is a very pretty collection of mixed metaphors, beginning "Those who are in quest of the Excalibur (*sic*) of Antonio" which we have not space to quote.

In his section, "The Revival of Violin Making," Mr. Morris is very insistent that "The glorious art was never more alive than it is to-day." But he must not seek to prove too much. While he puts the yearly production of high-class violins in England at 150 (which seems to us over the mark) this does not make a very large supply for a population of forty millions, to which, as he elsewhere states, factory-made violins are imported "by the ton." The fact seems to be that musical instruments are one of the fittest subjects for protective duty, both import and export.

In taking leave of Mr. Morris' useful book we would direct the attention of violinists to page 74, where they may learn that in the course of three months of 1890 there were nearly 300 "undoubted Strads" offered for sale in British and foreign sale-catalogues. But *populus vult decipi*. The syllogism "Stradivari was the greatest of fiddle makers. My fiddle is a Strad. Therefore, my fiddle is the best possible," is irresistible logic for the common mind. Perhaps the present volume may do something to expose the fallacy.

F. CORDER.

A Revelation

THE HOUSE OF QUIET: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited by J. T. (Murray. 8s. net.)

This book is vouched in "J. E.'s" preface to be the autobiography of a friend and cousin, a man of retired country life, now dead. At first, from the manner of the preface, we had a horrible suspicion that here was yet another fictitious self-revelation, after the manner made temporarily fashionable by "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." And while that book had genuine power, its imitative progeny were a destructive plague-cloud. The preface has all the symptoms with which those books made us fatally familiar. But a glance at the body of the volume and that suspicion vanished. It is a genuine autobiography, the revelation of a true personality. "The House of Quiet" is a happy title: it indicates the man, no less than his life. This is essentially a quiet, a restrained, a minor-toned, yet a distinguished personality. His tastes are distinguished: delicate, refined, unclamorous. His feelings have the same delicate distinction; remote from weakness and sentimentality as from gush or the parade of intensity. His life has it; a life of small and minor things, which the ordinary man would peevishly or lachrymously bewail as a failure, but which this man had the virtue to make a subtle and invisible success. Invisible to the world, during the term of that life; but now, and in this book, it becomes visible to all who have the sympathetic vision. Lastly, his style shares in this delicate distinction. It is not a great style, as his is not a great personality: but it is a style very far removed from commonplace, always adequate, clear, simple, and direct; while when occasion serves it becomes felicitous, close, and arresting in phrase. Its worst defect, if not its sole defect, is an occasional slipshodness of grammar.

It is purely a story of mental and spiritual development. A very simple story in externals: a young man of good birth and position, who goes through a university education, enters on official duties, and then, with the

interest of life opening on him, finds himself crippled by ill-health. In order to prolong his life, he is condemned to a future of retirement and the avoidance of exertion. At first, most naturally, the effect was one of despondence and deep depression: he had, according to customary ideas, no career, no use or occupation in the world. Then, as a result of this enforced seclusion and his psychic suffering (an ugly word, but "mental" hardly meets the case) he found in himself a new sense for the subtler and interior things of nature and art: alike in music and literature (for example) he began to see below the surface which had hitherto contented him. But the acute nervous tension which was at the root of this sudden sensitiveness, by an inevitable reaction gave place to profound melancholy. Happily for him he fell back on philosophy and religion. Eschewing dangerous introspection, he sought an external distraction in philanthropy; and his philanthropy took a form as wise as it was uncommon. In place of formulating his own plans, and annoying with them the independent English poor, he set himself to find how his poorer neighbours wanted to be helped, and to forward their wishes. It is not surprising that he presently found himself the trusted helper and counsellor of some forty peasantry, and discovered in this activity a source of content, so far as content could be looked for in an imperfect world.

Such are the main external lines of a life, the interest of which lies in its interior vicissitudes. But beside the record of these, there are appended a number of extracts from the writer's diary, or from autobiographic notes found among his remains. These are among the most interesting portion of the book. In a large number of them he has given character-sketches of his country neighbours. These sketches are done with an urbane and tolerant insight, a forbearing sympathy, above all, a quiet and refined humour, which make them charming reading. Others, again, are really psychological and personal essays on various themes, such as Dreams, or Obsession, which have the attraction of a thoughtful and delicate mind meditating on its own experience. The combined effect of the whole book is to admit the reader to intimacy with an individuality, an individuality distinct from its neighbours both in its limits and its strength. And that is not over-common nowadays. Nor is the record obtruded on by any consciousness of a listening public.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A Novelist as a Man of Business

LA JEUNESSE DE BALZAC. BALZAC IMPRIMEUR. 1825-1828.
Par Gabriel Hanotaux et Georges Vicaire. Avec trois
Estampes et deux Portraits gravés sur bois par
A. Lepère. (Ferroud.)

We have here a book which may be classed as first and foremost a documentary work, and when, at a cursory glance, we find quite half of it to be appendices, chiefly accounts, we are inclined to fling it aside as no concern of ours. But in this case second thoughts are best, for when Balzac is in question, documents take a special meaning, and the life of a publisher, printer, and typefounder between 1825 and 1828, though the narration of actual facts, becomes a veritable romance. We get Balzac's autobiography by fragments, as it were, throughout his works, but although a large number of books on Balzac have appeared, there is no complete Life. Thus the contribution before us lets in much light on a portion of his early career of which little is known, a period not without great influence on his later life.

The years of Balzac's youth stretch from 1823 to 1833. They are the first years of struggle and comprise the first contact with life. He was doubtful what career to follow. His father wished him to avoid that of letters, for it was then that he wrote his first works: his tragedy of

Cromwell, articles for the newspapers, numberless short stories and novels. It was then too that he made the acquaintance of "un ange," who was his support during "cette horrible guerre." "Mme. de B. [erny] quoique mariée, a été comme un Dieu pour moi. Elle a été," he writes to Mme. Harska in 1837, "une mère, une amie, une famille, un ami, un conseil; elle a fait l'écrivain, elle a consolé le jeune homme, elle a créé le goût, elle a pleuré comme une sœur, elle a ri, elle est venue tous les jours, comme un bienfaiteur sommeil, endormir les douleurs." Suddenly he gave up the literary career. He dreamed of rapidly making a fortune, he thought himself suited for business, and so he bought a printing establishment in the Rue Marais Saint-Germain. The history of the enterprise has been told by him in "Les Illusions Perdues," in the failure of César in "César Birotteau," which is that of Balzac and his partners, and it turns up in numerous passages of the "Comédie Humaine." But Balzac was only so to speak an "improvised" man of business and he came to serious grief. The steps of the downfall may be studied in detail in this work; all the accounts, all the correspondence are there. A cousin intervened and with his help and that of Balzac's parents the situation was in a measure saved, but Balzac was saddled with obligations that weighed on him all his life. As a publisher and printer he was the first to project compact editions of the classics, and issued Molière and La Fontaine. The list of his publications contains chiefly French classics, but we note also translations of speeches by Canning, Peel and Brougham, and of the works of Shakespeare and Schiller.

For some the main interest of the volume will reside in the detailed account of his relations with Mme. de Berny, who appears in "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "Le Curé de Village," "La duchesse de Langeais," and other of his works. Her history is here fully traced out, we believe for the first time. Her father, Philippe-Joseph Hinner, was a German harpist at the Court of Marie-Antoinette. The queen married him to one of her *femmes de chambre*, and thus to their daughter, Mme. de Berny, Balzac doubtless owed his knowledge of the Court, his royalism, his pretensions to nobility, his relations with a society in which he had no real footing. She was twenty-two years his senior, but Balzac loved her passionately and sincerely, and to her, too, we probably owe what some call Balzac's immortal gift to humanity—the prolonging of a woman's life in her relations with men. He cured love of the prejudice of youth, and that lesson he learned while he was struggling with the printing establishment in the Rue Marais. The portrait by Devéria, of which a wood-cut appears in the book, represents Balzac as a handsome youth of twenty-two. He gave it to Mme de Berny (she died in 1836) with the inscription *Et nunc et semper*. He also dedicated to her his novel, "Louis Lambert," which is really the memoirs of his youth.

The book is sumptuously printed and decorated. The type was specially made by the founders now occupying Balzac's old establishment, and the wood-cut decoration that frames the pages was discovered there. There is also a wood-cut of a portrait of Mme. de Berny.

Christianity in Embryo

THE EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY IN THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.
GIFFORD LECTURES 1900-1, 1901-2. By Edward Caird.
Two volumes. (Glasgow: Maclehose. 14s. net.)

It will rightly be taken for granted that this series of lectures on the Gifford foundation from the pen of the Master of Balliol constitute a work of some distinction. It is in effect, for such as can brace themselves to follow without flagging so strenuous a guide, an inquiry of which the intrinsic importance for a right understanding of the questions which lie at the root of much of the

history of two thousand years is matched by the charm of a singularly lucid treatment and a clear compelling style.

It is, of course, out of the question that we should attempt to indicate the long line of Dr. Caird's patient tracking of so many clues through the convolutions of so wide a maze; it is only when, in his last lecture, he finds himself at last at the heart of the labyrinth that it may be possible to indicate something of his results.

There is a cheap and easy sneer, that has not always been disdained by such as might have been expected to refrain their lips from such things, in the light reference to the *iota* over which for so many decades the Christian Church was divided. But "I do not believe," writes Dr. Caird, "that controversies about words ever occupy a great space in human history, although it is true that the controversies of the past often seem to us mere controversies about words." The Arian controversy which was concerned with the nature of Christ, whether it was the same or like to the nature of the Father, is, from his point of view, seen in its full importance only when it is previously understood how far Greek thought had gone in the direction of solving the insistent problems of life. Religion, by the time when Christianity entered into the world, had lost its essentially social character. In their philosophical schools the Greeks, in the synagogue the Jews, had found the beginnings of a system of individual adjustment to God. And this relation of men to a common centre, constituting indirectly a relation to one another, was the germ of the church-idea. In the Christian Church Christ was set in the midst; but by the overshadowing brightness of His perfect union with God the potential union of all men with the divine came to be obscured. In the same direction tended the Neo-Platonic philosophy. For, as soon as the Messianic idea left Jewish soil, it had to find an equivalent; and no idea seemed so appropriate as that of the *Logos*. And thereupon became quickly manifest a tendency in this application to reduce the whole life of Christ to a mere illusive appearance of one who was not a human being at all. The protest of St. John against this marked the beginning of the controversies which vexed the Church during the time that the creeds were in making. And though the result was the assertion of the unity of the divinity and humanity in Christ, this union was confined to Christ alone, and—which from a practical point of view was more serious—it was regarded as static rather than dynamic. If Christianity refused to give up its central idea of the unity of the human with the divine, and its faith that men in some sense are capable of being participants in the divine nature, yet, under the influence of Neo-Platonic modes of thought, the gulf between Christ and other men tended to widen. Thus Greek philosophy may indeed on the one hand be considered a germ of Christianity, if we consider that in Neo-Platonism it was struggling with the ideas of the antagonism between the human and the divine, and at the same time of the necessity of that relation. It was, on the other hand, a great adverse force in so far as it set the two terms in such absolute opposition that a true synthesis or reconciliation of them became impossible.

It would seem that Dr. Caird's view is one which is not easily to be reconciled with any recognition of Christianity as a supernatural revelation. As a purely scientific study of it as a natural evolution from preexisting ideas, it is of curious interest and importance.

THE PAISLEY SHAWL AND THE MEN WHO PRODUCED IT. By Matthew Blair. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 7s. 6d. net.)

He would be a curmudgeonly fellow who did not feel grateful to the chairman of the Incorporated Weaving, Dyeing, and Printing College of Glasgow for this "record of an interesting epoch in the history of the town" of which he is a native, and of an industry in which he takes

a legitimate pride. Mr. Blair has an affectionate admiration for the memory of the old-time producers of shawls. He was brought up in the trade, entered business life at the time when the industry began to decline, witnessed its extinction, and had to go elsewhere to earn a living. But he acknowledges that the failure of the shawl industry has been the economic salvation of Paisley, for out of its decay have sprung the multifarious businesses that make the town one of the most prosperous in Scotland. The beautiful and once famous fabrics had their genesis in the desire to emulate on the loom the beauties of the mixed woven and needle-work products of Turkey and Cashmere from examples sent home by officers engaged in withstanding the French expedition to Egypt. The success was complete, and for fully half a century the Paisley shawl was "the only wear" from Queen Victoria to the cottar's wife in her Sunday best. The exquisite finish of these goods is a pleasant memory to many; to those less fortunate the reproductions in this volume of lovely specimens of the shawls will help to convey a fair idea of the "braws" in which our grandmothers dispensed themselves at church and market. Mr. Blair explains the technical processes of design and fature, and insists that the intricacy and precision of these had an exhilarating effect upon the morals and intellects of the weavers, who became expert politicians, men of letters, artists—indeed, every man was a politician and every third man (it was said) a poet. Wilson the ornithologist, Tannahill the poet, Alexander Smith the essayist, and Sir Noel Paton the artist, were some of the men who began life in the Paisley shawl industry. So that altogether Mr. Blair had at his disposal abundant material for a definitive book on a fascinating subject. Unfortunately he has not made the most of it. He has given us an outline sketch—for which we are thankful; but he need not be astonished if we insistently ask for more.

SOME LONGER ELIZABETHAN POEMS. SHORTER ELIZABETHAN POEMS. (AN ENGLISH GARNER.) With Introductions by A. H. Bullen. (Constable. 4s. each net.)

THESE two volumes form part of the reissue of Arber's English Garner. The object of the reissue, under (we are told) the general editorship of Mr. Thomas Seccombe, is seemingly to introduce some kind of system and classification into Professor Arber's great series of reprints. The scientific mania for classification and system has infected even the pleasant and quiet fields of Elizabethan literature and the Professor is to be trimmed accordingly. The desire is comprehensible. Professor Arber has been among the pioneers in the reprinting of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature. When he began his work, the idea of collecting, editing, and reprinting all authors of value in those early days, as modern poets are reprinted and edited, was scantily entertained. He was free, therefore, to dive at pleasure into that sea of neglected literature, secure that whatever he brought up would be new to the general reader. His "Garner" was not in any set order, but represented the rich browsing of an exploring student. The delight of it, to the truly initiate, was the Jack Horner delight of putting in your thumb and pulling out a plum, unguessing what it might be. But now the day of the literary "resurrection-man" is upon us; and author after author whose writings first found reprint in the "Garner" has gone forth to the world in a separate and "collected edition": wherefore, to hold its own, it perhaps required some introduction of system.

To us, however, we must say the attempt at classification seems rather to emphasize the absence of system. The wildwood maze refuses to be made into a trim park. But the "Garner" is so good a thing in any form, that we will not insist upon this. Let us rather note that

the editor has added to the first volume a number of poems by Barnfield; and this filling of what the publisher's note calls *lacunæ* is seemingly part of the plan of campaign. We regret to add that the editing, on the mechanical side, leaves something to be desired. The text is worried by meticulous commas: "Quickly him they will entice" becomes "Quickly him, they will entice," for instance; while in the same poem, a few lines earlier, is a full stop where the sense is clearly continuous. The punctuation needs revision: on page 82 of the "Longer Poems" we have "She, Understanding is," where the comma after "she" is intrusive; and these things are frequent. Worse yet, in Drayton's "Agincourt" you find "That, with cries they make"—omitting "the" before "cries." To make amends, a superfluous "the" is inserted in a later stanza, "Arms were from *the* shoulders sent"; where that "the" ruins the metre. This is worse than mispunctuation. We imagined that such matters would be looked to in these volumes of a welcome reissue, which has the advantage, we should add, of an excellent introduction to either volume by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

THE EXPOSITOR'S GREEK TESTAMENT. Vol. III. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 28s.)

This third volume of the "Expositor's Greek Testament" includes 2 Corinthians (Dr. Bernard), Galatians (Rev. F. Rendall), Ephesians (Dr. Salmond), Philippians (Dr. Kennedy), and Colossians (Professor Peake).

That between 1 Cor. and 2 Cor. a letter written to the Corinthians had been lost has come to be so generally received a theory that it is refreshing to find the latest commentator reverting, as does Dr. Bernard in his very skilful introduction, to the view that the two that have come down to us are the only epistles that were written. The hypothetical epistle, with the catena of unrecorded events which, on the assumption that it ever existed, it is necessary to suppose, is generally supposed to be implied in St. Paul's allusion in the passage "For out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with many tears; not that ye should be made sorry, but that ye might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you" (2 Cor. ii. 4). Of such anguish, it is said, there is no trace in the first letter. Moreover, in another place, the Apostle says that for a moment he regretted having written it; and here, say the critics, it is inconceivable that he should be alluding to so costly a monument of Christian truth as the First Epistle. Dr. Bernard answers: (1) by pointing to the structure of the First Epistle, the core of which is found in chapters v. and vi., which are very severe and might well have been written with anguish; and (2) that the regret was for the pain that in these early chapters he had been constrained to occasion. Besides, every variety of the current theory postulates an elaborate complication of events of which no record remains. Now, though it is often necessary to introduce hypotheses in order to co-ordinate the more or less fragmentary records of the New Testament, this is not to be done beyond the measure of necessity. "The theory which depends on the fewest hypotheses has the best claim to acceptance, provided that it covers the facts." "It has not been proved . . . that the 'Painful Letter' of 2 Cor. ii. 4, vii. 8, cannot have been the First Canonical Epistle to the Corinthians. And it is upon this supposed impossibility that the whole edifice of the theory rests . . ." As to the further question, Dr. Bernard is a stalwart defender of the unity of 2 Corinthians. In England the theory that chapters x. to xiii. are distinct from chapters i. to ix. has been supported by Dr. Kennedy in his "The Second and Third Epistles to the Corinthians," who supposes chapters x. to xiii. to constitute a part of the Painful Letter. It is impossible to indicate Dr. Bernard's

criticism of this theory, depending as it does on a very minute examination of the internal evidence by which it has been sought to support it. But here also he points out that the theory postulates several improbable hypotheses—and, finally, that there is absolutely nothing in manuscripts or versions to bear it out.

We have left ourselves no space in which to indicate the lines taken by other contributors to this volume, and must content ourselves with saying generally that their work is worthy of the reputation of the "Expositor."

Fiction

OVER STONY WAYS. By Emily M. Bryant. Illustrated. (Jarrold. 6s.) Perhaps this story is the pioneer of a new species of novel. The prevailing local colour is that of Somersby, and Tennyson's "Brook," quoted in the title, runs through the novel in an undertone of pathos. Pretty scenes reproduced effectively from the photographs of Mr. Carlton, and some strictly Tennysonian notes on them by the Rev. T. F. Lockyer have, perhaps, rather the air of agreeable addenda to the main performance than of integral parts of it. Returning then to the novel, it is only fair to say that, though professedly "a romance of Tennyson Land," it is not parasitically dependent upon the poet, but a novel of vigorous portraiture and moving situations. True, it is not in the academic sense of the word a good novel, excellent as is its moral tone. A woman of talent is not at her best when she entrusts narrative to the pen of the pet cripple of her fancy—and he a man! Self-consciousness, something oleaginous striving to be manly, gets into our author's style when "Willie the Wag" represents her. Let that pass; the narrative is not wholly in his hand, and in the third person he is attractive. The story follows the career of five Somersby children. One escapes from an evangelical aunt to become a great singer. Another, less beautifully in love with applause than she, enters the ministry for self-display, and is brutally thrown over by a lady who ought to have been a cousin of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. On the whole our author shows most success in depicting the incongruity between the passionate childish ambition to shine at large and the sternly loving rule of village evangelicism, with its intercessory prayers for people less remote than the Royal Family, and its belief in the charity of punishment. She is particularly effective in communicating the pain inflicted by the sacrifice of a ribald intrusion on a place hallowed by association. Therefore, one is more anxious to learn that Miss Berson (her "Lady Clara") does not invade Somersby Holt—the fairy wood where Tennyson first met Emily Sellwood—than to be assured that a budding Patti prefers Jim in a farm to unshared thunder in the Albert Hall. Here we leave our author, recipient perhaps of a "deep ambrosial smile" she cannot see.

THE BRAZEN CALF. By James L. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) We are informed by the publisher's note that "The Brazen Calf" is a "satire" on the American worshippers of rank and fashion. There is, however, but little satire to be found in the book itself, the pages of which ring with violent invective against the snobbishness and insincerity of the "Four Hundred," their imitators and their chroniclers. Mr. Ford's scorn of the false standards and tinsel splendours of the would-be aristocrats of New York is expressed with unsparing vehemence, and he shows, in his rare intervals of gentleness, a real respect for the finer elements of human nature. His study is, nevertheless, curiously unconvincing and leaves the reader with a suspicion that the author's acquaintance with American plutocrats and English fortune-hunters is based largely on a perusal of those very society papers which he so justly despises. Doubtless there is much of ostentation and unreality in the society of New York, and, for the matter of that, in the society of every great city. But before Mr. Ford can play social satirist, he must learn that vituperation is not wit and that for such work something more of characterisation is required than can be conveyed by the use of such names as "Titepurse" and "Highflier." The episode of Mrs. Foxcroft proves that the author can draw a human being: let him realise that worshippers even of the Brazen Calf are not necessarily—wooden.

HIS LITTLE WORLD. By Samuel Merwin. (Barnes. \$1.50.) The story of Hunch Badeau is very simple, as simple and free from complexities as the man himself. There are no modern problems of thought or conduct, only the old story of a man who sacrifices his love for the good of his friend. Hunch Badeau, the commander of a lumber schooner, is a big, clumsy child of Nature, large-hearted and full of latent nobility. The man for whom he makes his sacrifice proves unworthy, and Hunch suffers

the agony of seeing the woman he loves neglected and ill-used by her selfish, worthless husband. The hero is a fine creation; he lives and moves with force. We are present with him when he drives the schooner through a lake storm, only to have his boat dashed to pieces by the fury of the waves; we stand by his side while he quells a lumber yard mutiny, and we rejoice in his ultimate happiness.

THE TRAIL OF THE DEAD. By B. Fletcher Robinson. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.) This book inevitably recalls Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Nikola, and those who enjoyed those stories will undoubtedly like "The Trail of the Dead." Two medical men constitute themselves detectives in order to run to earth Professor Marnac, who is afflicted with a curious form of homicidal mania. The Professor is a scientist of great attainments, and when the story opens has recently published a book which has met with many adverse criticisms from fellow scientists. It is to these that his mania is directed, and we follow in search of him from place to place, where generally the detectives arrive too late to save the victim. The escapes of the wily Professor are marvellous, while his methods of killing his victims are exceedingly ingenious. In fact, he is so ingenious that it seems a pity he could not kill a few more people before he came to an end. The story goes with a swing from start to finish.

THE WAYS OF THE MILLIONAIRE. By Oswald Crawford. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.) "The Ways of the Millionaire" is ambitious. The author boldly plays with a revolution, the outwitting of a famous soldier by a war correspondent, the floating of a company in London called the Gondalcote Diamond Treasure Company, Limited, which is to bring immense fortunes to its shareholders, the love affairs of a millionaire with a lady who is suspected of murdering her husband, and his philanthropic schemes for mankind at large. For the millionaire of Mr. Crawford is bored by his splendid mansion in Park Lane, and fails to find anything but ennui in his intercourse with "the smart set." "He had been a stranger to this new social world, and without trial of it, he could never have guessed what a poor mockery of human intercourse it afforded." This is very disquieting, and upsets one's preconceived ideas of millionaires. Does Mr. Crawford think the millionaire needs whitewashing? The plot which starts well falls to pieces in the middle when the author seemingly changed his mind. The story is bright and spirited in parts, in others wildly improbable. Had it been better constructed and more carefully thought out, it would not have been necessary to deplore the unsatisfactory nature of the whole. We are introduced to some extraordinary characters, particularly that of Lionel Foljambe, the adventurer, who for his services to the king of Gondalcote receives as reward some priceless diamonds, and the promise of a large share of the treasure in the crypt. Lady Adair is a clever sketch of an utterly vain yet good-natured worldling. The author evidently means to award her high praise when he says, "She was so dressed that she might have stepped at that moment from the trying-on room of the most fashionable dressmaker in Dover Street." Mr. Crawford can do far better things than "The Ways of the Millionaire."

Short Notices

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Newnes. 10s. 6d. net.) In the foreword Mr. Pyle confesses that the writing and the illustration have been labours of love. Perhaps this is a little in evidence in the work itself. In holding elaborately to the quaint simplicity of an early English style, the simplicity has become a little too overdone to be quite natural. Nevertheless this collection of romances with their vivid pictures of errant knights and damosels makes very enjoyable reading, and from the first page to the last there is no word of offence. Any child might learn from these tales his first lesson of chivalry, and of the mystic charm of that wonderful, fanciful life led by the heroes of the Round Table. The history of Arthur and his Knights has formed the theme of song and story from Mallory's famous history to Tennyson's as famous "Idylls," yet Mr. Pyle, one imagines, has no desire to challenge comparisons with any of his predecessors, and such comparison is totally unnecessary. He has dealt with his subject in a fashion which has, one can see, given pleasure to himself, and will with equal certainty give pleasure to many readers. It seems odd to read a volume of stories on the Knights of the Round Table in which neither Lancelot of the Lake nor Galahad the knight of Purity figure, except by casual mention, nor is the story of the "Holy Grail" included, but in many a side word and hint the author holds out the promise of a future work which shall be the completion of the present volume. The drawing in the illustrations strikes one as uneven. It follows out the quaint suggestion of the

letterpress, but it errs somewhat on the side of fancifulness. For instance, the portrait of the beautiful Vivien would certainly not appeal to the modern idea of beauty, and yet it might have done so without losing any of the old-world look of the illustrations.

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN. By Albert F. Calvert, F.R.G.S. (George Philip and Son. 10s. 6d.) The impressions which Mr. Calvert has brought back from his journeys in Spain are of cathedrals, cafés, and mines; picture galleries and mines; bull fights, handsome women, sunburnt plains, and above all these—mines. Of Spanish tin, of Spanish coal, of Spanish copper, and silver-bearing lead—whoso, having read the work, still demands to know more, must have a strangely exacting taste. From what point of view to interpret the book is the problem that puzzles us. Seeing that it has no cohesion, save in the generous mining section, which is the author's unusual peroration to an odd kind of discourse, the most natural plan would seem to be to start at the last chapter and work back straightway to the first; and yet we are not so confident as Mr. Calvert that mining details are of that absorbing stuff which the reader of a volume of *reisebilder* desires. We were tempted to find fault with M. Maurice Barrès because he did not call his notes on Spain "Impressions": conversely we are disposed to rebuke Mr. Calvert because he does. The volume is, in fact, precisely what its title would not lead us to expect. It is a somewhat disjointed collection of papers written by a professional man with a very real interest in his subject, and an unsakable resolve to describe the people and the Government—yes, decidedly the Government—in the generous and delicate spirit of that latest child of complex civilisation, the advertising agent. Is the book therefore hopeless? By no means. For there is a magic about Spain. Take it, describe it, as you will. Versify Seville, and prose about the Alhambra, be mortally original or deadly dull—yet, mysteriously, your fluent or halting lines will give off some aroma of the exquisite charm—oh, for a word to define it!—the sunny yet sombre, barbaric and hidalguesque, the dormant-fervid charm for which mankind has found no name till now but—*España!* This miraculous touch of Spain you will find last, wherever it has once been impressed. In Mexico, in Central and South America, something of the grave courtesy, the chivalrous self-respect, which the Spanish conquistadores knew how to communicate still clings about the meanest *vaquero* or *peon*. And the peculiar thrill which Spanish art produces has clearly come to Mr. Calvert—quite uninformed, in an artistic sense, as his criticisms show him to be. Therefore, we recommend a book which we will not criticise in detail. It would be idle, for example, to point to flaws in the Spanish of a writer who has not yet mastered English. (Mr. Calvert states that among the things he *saw* were "cries of 'largo!'") But it would be doing an injustice to his sketches not to admit that the author is a very sane, if not a learned or a sensitive, guide; and his photographs are many and interesting. One more point before we leave the book. The scene in the *fábrica de tabacos* at Seville is, of course, described; as Mr. Mortimer Menpes and, more lately, Mr. Bart Kennedy have described it. And like other visitors, the author was impressed by the number of little children playing about the petticoats of the cigarette-makers or sleeping in shady corners. Unhappily a friend of his, with true British impertinence, felt constrained to make a suggestion about the morality of the handsome young women and the parentage of the children to the manager of the place. "There would seem to be more babies here than married women," he said. "It is possible," was the grave and fine reply of the manager, "Some of the married women are blessed with more than one." There spoke a gentleman . . . The book is not well produced.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY A GRANDFATHER. By George Birkbeck Hill. Selected by Lucy Crump. (S. C. Brown, Langham & Co. 3s. 6d.) These are just letters to children—unstudied, unadorned, domestic letters. They are not brilliant examples in their kind, they have no original and fascinating personality behind them. They are not, for instance, in any way on a level with the charming whim and fancy of one or two published letters to children by Lewis Carroll, that writer who united the personality of a distinguished child to the finished literary art and intellect of a man. But they have the right playful kindness; short of genius, they are what the right sort of letter to the right sort of child ought to be. If you have anything of the child in you, therefore, you will like them; if you have not, you won't—and there is no more to be said. Since the right sort of man should always have enough of the child in him to sympathise with children and what appeals to children, it is to be trusted you will like them. The chief defect (if we may be a little hypercritical) is that they sometimes too obviously unbend to the child; the writer too evidently says (with a smile aside, as it were), "I am going to get on my hands and knees." There should be a franker, a more unconscious and instinctive *camaraderie* in the ideal letter to a child. But the defect, if it exist, is only sometimes. There is plenty of candid,

excellent nonsense, such as is beloved of any childlike child, and is pleasant for "grown-ups" to read. And there is good sportive verse, quite in the right vein, with no thought of "literary merit" intruding a priggish head. These are, as a whole, letters right grandfatherly; and what better can we say?

A QUEEN OF TEARS. By W. H. Wilkins. (Longmans. 2 Vols. 36s.) Doubtless Mr. Wilkins' gossip will find its welcome among those readers who enjoy taking their history from the personal standpoint, and with a strong element of sentiment. In his earlier study, "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," the author dealt with a story so full of passion and romance that it could not fail of a certain dramatic effect. This chronicle of Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England and wife of Christian VII. of Denmark and Norway, reads almost like a parody of the tumultuous history of Sophie Dorothea and Königsmarck. Here, too, we have a desolate princess, neglected by an unfaithful husband, seeking consolation in a forbidden love. But in Caroline Matilda we feel, in spite of Mr. Wilkins' prodigal encomiums—none of the charm of her hapless ancestress, and Struensee, her lover, appears as a craven and self-seeking adventurer. Christian VII., the half-imbecile husband, and George III., the stolid and indifferent brother, bring no light into the narrative of blind passion and sordid intrigue. The only person who emerges with a shred of character is the chivalrous Sir Robert Murray Keith, English ambassador and the Queen's devoted champion. A different treatment of the story might have produced a less painful impression, for Struensee was a man of intellect, and when he had made himself fairly master of the situation, the reforms which he attempted and the theories he advanced are of real interest. Unfortunately, the author does not seem able to detach himself from the individual story long enough to give any convincing study of the larger political issues, nor does he attempt much analysis of Struensee's very complex personality. It is with relief that, after a detailed account of so uninspiring a romance, we reach the catastrophe, though Struensee's confession, "conversion" and death present a lamentable picture of degradation. Mr. Wilkins has clearly devoted much care and labour to an unrewarding theme, but his manner lacks distinction as much as does his matter historic dignity.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Edited by Jas. Fitzmaurice Kelly. Translated by H. Oelsner and A. B. Welford. Vol. ii., "Galatea." (Glasgow: Gowans and Gray. 1s. net.) Nothing is easier than to condemn the literary vices of a past period, unless it be to acquire those of our own. The "Galatea" of Cervantes was written under a convention of which the world in the main is weary, yet there always have been and doubtless are still readers for whom the book is exquisite. Sénaïcur's contemptuous criticism of the pastoral style hardly meets the case: there are other forms of literature in which expressions and figures are repeated "quelques millions de fois," without altogether losing their vitality. The taste for "Galatea" is not dissimilar to that for certain types of old engravings: its convention is not a drawback, but its charm. It is admittedly a sort of Euphuism; and in either case the affectation is no mere individual birth: it is in humanity's blood. The time will doubtless return when gallants will wear rich dresses, and will drawl, and worship the fair sex in strange raptures, and then "Galatea" will be drawn from its recesses and be read with delight by people who will wonder what we made of "Sherlock Holmes" and "The Iron Pirate." Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly edits after the approved fashion, and can patronise his author and tear to pieces the work of earlier adventurers in the same field as himself, with some measure of the energy lately displayed by Mr. Macdonald in his edition of Lamb. In this type of writing vehemence is so valued that accuracy becomes of secondary importance: what matters, for instance, the small difference between a Bowring-Smijth and a Bowyer-Smijth? As Mr. Macdonald attacked Canon Ainger, so Mr. Kelly excoriates that dead-and-gone person of no importance, Gordon Willoughby Gyll. The translation is a respectable and careful piece of work, and the publishers deserve to be congratulated on having produced a somewhat rare classic so well and cheaply.

TALPA; OR, THE CHRONICLES OF A CLAY FARM. By C. W. Hoskyns With Introductory Note by John S. Arkwright, M.P. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. (Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. net.) This volume is one of considerable interest. It consists of a series of essays upon agricultural matters contributed to the "Agricultural Gazette," which first appeared in volume form in 1852. The author—originally a lawyer—was for some years in Parliament, and in addition to being a keen and practical agriculturist, was evidently a widely read man, with a strong vein of humour and imagination, and possessed of considerable literary gifts. The editor of this new edition very rightly describes "Talpa" as being "one of the few recognised classics of agricultural literature," and

indeed, it is hard to recall any work of its class—books giving practical agricultural information—at all equaling it in literary merit. There is no necessity for the reader to be specially interested in farming to be able to thoroughly enjoy the book. George Cruikshank's illustrations display his usual dexterity, but they can scarcely be said to illustrate the book, being mainly merely humorous interpretations of its text. The cut upon page 74 is of special interest from its having hitherto appeared only in the first edition of the book. Possibly it was thought to bear rather too much the appearance of a stray from "The Comic Almanack!" "Talpa" possesses considerable merit as an agricultural handbook to this day, and the agriculturist reading it will doubtless find interest in determining for himself how generally its author's theories have been universally accepted, and his predictions realised or falsified.

THE BOOK OF TOWN AND WINDOW GARDENING. By Mrs. F. A. Bardswell. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net) "It is best to water pot plants by standing them in a pail or tub, . . . The leaves . . . should not be left too wet, which rots them." This is indeed amazing information to meet with in a "Handbook of Practical Gardening." Town gardening affords excellent subject matter for an interesting book, but Mrs. Bardswell has most lamentably failed to write one. She deals largely with trivialities, and does not even devote a chapter to public gardens—surely the most important phase of town gardening. Suburban gardeners who think to find a guide in Mrs. Bardswell will be sadly disappointed, for she touches but lightly upon the laying out of a garden or—it is as well—upon cultural details. The book abounds in errors, misprints of plant names are numerous, and the mistakes regarding the personnel at Kew on page 50, and the description of Holland House as being ". . . but a stone's throw from the Great Western Station and the World's Fair of William Whitely" may be cited as examples of Mrs. Bardswell's lack of accuracy. We turn to the illustrations with relief; all of these are favourable specimens of photographic art, and many of them will be of real interest to garden lovers.

FLORA AND SILVA. A Monthly Garden Review. Vol. I., 1903. Edited by W. Robinson. (Robinson. 21s. net.) This volume, handsome alike without and within, would be coveted by any garden lover. In his foreword, Mr. Robinson—the author of that celebrated work, "The English Flower Garden"—declared himself all for wood engravings, hand-made paper and large type, in preference to the usual modern order of things, and describes other garden periodicals as being "too much devoted to flowers and plants as distinct from trees and shrubs." On this latter point we are altogether with Mr. Robinson, and lovers of that noblest form of plants—the tree—will find plenty to delight them in the series, "Greater Trees of the Northern Forest," and in other matter throughout the volume. While feeling an inward tenderness for the engraving, we must state that not all of the engravings in "Flora and Silva" can be termed quite successful, and we think it doubtful, if for garden illustrations, where extreme accuracy and clearness of detail are often indispensable, the modern process methods of reproduction are not actually superior. The coloured plates throughout the volume are excellent, and other notable features of Mr. Robinson's praiseworthy enterprise are the number of contributions by eminent foreign horticulturists, and of short monographs upon genera.

GROSSSTADTLYRIK. Keranogegeben von Heinz Möller. Buch-schmuck von Ludwig Sütterlin. (Leipzig: Voigtländer.) Many contemporary English poets have written verses on London town. Locker, Henley, Davidson, Laurence Binyon have from different points of view recorded in verse their impressions of the great city. Berlin has been a "great city" for a shorter time than London, yet she has already inspired her poets to produce no inconsiderable amount of verse on subjects connected with city life. Möller gives here a charmingly printed and decorated little anthology of some fifty pages. Among the poets represented are Avenarius, Richard Dehmel, Otto Ernst, Fulda, Julius Hart, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Jacobowski, Detlev von Liliencron, Johannes Schlaf and Bruno Wille. The subjects include the suburb, the express train, a garden concert, the railway station, streets, the working-man, and so forth. They are all to some extent marked by a melancholy born of the feeling of the absorption of the individual in the great mass of the inhabitants and of the absorption of each individual in his own affairs. Such lines as—

"Es treibt vorüber mir im Meer der Stadt
Bald der, bald jener, einer nach dem andern.
Ein Blick ins Auge, und vorüber schon.
Der Orgeldreher dreht sein Lied."

* * * * *

Es schwimmt ein Leichenzug im Meer der Stadt,
Querweg die Menschen, einer nach dem andern.
Ein Blick auf meinen Sarg, vorüber schon.
Der Orgeldreher dreht sein Lied—"

strike the note of what life in a great city in these modern days is for most of us. But over against this, spring and summer find their way into the town and into the hearts of the inhabitants:—

"Der Frühling weiss zu finden
Mich tief in Stadt und Stein,
Giesst mir in's Herz den Linden
Fröhlichen Hoffnungsschein."

The poem by Ferdinand von Saar, entitled "A Workman's Greeting," is a little gem in its way. Grudgingly does the artisan touch his hat to the poet, thinking, "He is one who does not know what work means," and the poet pardons him because the artisan has never felt—

"Des Geistes tiefes Müh'n,
Du ahnst nicht, wie die Schläfen
Mir heiss vom Denken glüh'n.

* * * * *

Und wie ich mich verblüte
Mit jedem Herzensschlag."

POLITICS AND RELIGION IN ANCIENT ISRAEL. By the Rev. J. C. Todd. (Macmillan. 6s.) It would be difficult to acquire from a document compounded of fragments of "Paradise Lost," one of Cromwell's dispatches, part of a sermon by Jeremy Taylor, and extracts from Pope's "Essay on Man," an intelligent idea of English history from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Mr. Todd complains that nothing has yet been done to bring home to the ordinary reader the highly complex character of the Jewish books which together constitute the English Bible. He demands an edition in which the assured results of criticism should by means of chapter and paragraph headings be indicated. There really seems no reason, except the obvious difficulty of determining precisely how much is at a given moment certainly ascertained, why something of the sort should not be done. As to his present "Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament," we think that Mr. Todd has written a book that should do much to clear the outlines and quicken the colours of the picture that Bible-lovers have in their minds. His learning sits very lightly on him. The casual reader may easily fail to realise how much reading and what anxious thought have gone to the making of his book. His style is agreeable and relieved with touches of humour; and where he meets the great issues of Christianity, for all his liberalism his spirit is reverent of the fundamental dogmas. But, as he says in his preface, the *præparatio evangelica* lies outside his scope; his main purpose is to indicate the lines upon which, with the aid of commentaries, the reader should study the Bible for himself.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JESUS OF NAZARETH. By Philip Sidney. (Stewart. 2s. 6d.) Mr. Sidney has built his essay on a study of the four Gospels and Dean Farrar's "Life of Christ." His conclusions are extremely unfavourable to the character of the Founder of Christianity and to the veracity of his biographers. We commend the book to the notice of young men preparing for the Bishop's Examination. It comprises all the difficulties likely to be propounded to them by the half-educated, and therefore should be of especial service to such as propose to work in large manufacturing centres.

Reprints and New Editions

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON. Written by his widow, Lucy. (Kegan Paul. Buckram, 3s. 6d.; leather, 4s. 6d. net.) Lovers of biography will welcome this admirable reprint of a book already so widely known and appreciated. Not only lovers of biography, for it is seldom that the history of any period, and especially so remarkable a one as is covered by this book, is shown us by so cultivated and discerning a writer, herself present at many of the scenes and an active spirit therein. Also the preface reminds us we should "acknowledge the advantage of her adding to the vigour of a masculine understanding, the nice feeling and discrimination, the delicate touch of the pencil of a female." We have nothing but praise for the binding and general "get up" of the volume.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL. Translated by Albert G. Latham. (The Temple Classics. Dent. 1s. 6d.) Another volume of this delightful series, equal in every respect to its predecessors. The print is clear and bold, while the volume is light and fits the pocket.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

Mathew (A. H.), edited by, *The Conversion of Sir Tobie Matthew to the Holy Catholic Faith*..... (Burns and Oates) net 3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

J. T. (Edited by), *The House of Quiet*..... (Murray) net 8/0

Archer (William), recorded by, *Real Conversations*..... (Heinemann) net 6/0

Collins (John Churton), *Studies in Shakespeare*..... (Constable) 7/6

Swan (Helena), *Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations (English)*..... (Sonnenschein) 7/6

Maeterlinck (Maurice), translated by Alfred Sutro, *Monna Vanna* .. (Allen) net 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Benson (Arthur Christopher), *Alfred Tennyson*..... (Methuen) 3/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Stevens (William Chase), *An Introduction to Botany*..... (Heath) 4/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

Jack, F. G. S. (R. Logan), *The Back Blocks of China* (Arnold) net 10/6

Lucas (E. V.), *Highways and Byways in Sussex* (Macmillan) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL

Walker, M.A. (Albert Perry), edited by, *Macaulay's Life of Johnson* .. (Heath) 1/0

Public Schools Year-Book 1904..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6

Onions, M.A. (O. T.), *An Advanced English Syntax*..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6

Marden (C. Carroll), *Poema de Fernan Gonzalez: Texto Crítico, con Introducción, Notas y Glossario* (Johns Hopkins Press) cloth net 2.50

Verity, M.A. (A. W.), edited by, *The Tragedy of Hamlet* (Cambridge) 3/0

Woodward (W. H.), arranged by, *A Book of English Poetry for the Young* .. (Cambridge) each 2/0

A Second Book of English Poetry for the Young..... (Cambridge) each 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS

James, M.B. (Captain S. P.), *First Report of the Anti-Malaria Operations at Mian Mir 1901-03*..... (Government Printing Office, Calcutta) 1/2

Sioussat, Ph. D. (St. George Leakin), *The English Statutes in Maryland* .. (Johns Hopkins Press)

Morris, B.A. (Rev. W. Meredith), *British Violin-Makers, Classical and Modern* .. (Chatto and Windus) net 10/6

Martin's Up-to-date Tables..... (Unwin) 2/6

Burton-Brown (E.), *Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum 1898-1904: a Handbook*..... (Murray) net 3/6

Hogge, M. A. (J. M.), *Betting and Gambling* .. (Simpkin, Marshall) 0/6

Herring (Paul), *The Wrong Mr. Chamberlain: A Fiscal Farce* .. (Arrowmith) 1/0

Douse (T. Le Marchant), *Examination of an Old Manuscript preserved in the Library of the Duke of Northumberland* .. (Taylor and Francis) net 2/6

Durland (Kellogg), *Among the Fifine Miners*..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6

The Clergy List, 1904..... (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.)

Dawson (C.), *Practical Billiard*..... (Surbiton : C. Dawson) 12/6

Moody (Helen Watterson), *A Child's Letters to her Husband* .. (Heinemann) net 2/0

Lewis (Arthur D.), *Essays in Fury*..... (Sonnenschein) 3/6

ART

Great Masters, Part VIII..... (Heinemann) net 5/0

Grego (Joseph), introduction by, *Cruikshank's Water Colours* (Black) net 20/0

Bygone Eton, Part I..... (Spottiswoode) net 1/6

FICTION

"Green Mansions," *A Romance of the Tropical Forest*, by W. H. Hudson (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Taskmaster," by Alphonse Courlander (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Cardinal's Pawn," by K. L. Montgomery (Unwin), 6/0; "Young Mrs. Cauley," by George R. Sims (Chatto and Windus), 1/0; "V. O." A Chronicle of Castle Barfied and of the Crimes, by David Christie Murray (Chatto and Windus), 3/6; "A Comedy of Conscience," by S. Weir Mitchell (Douglas), 1/0; "Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life," by Clara Louise Burnham (Constable), 6/0; "A Sunbeam from Italy," by Clive E. Rycroft (Digby, Long), 6/0; "Angel, and Devils, and Man," by Winifred Graham (Cassell), 6/0; "An Inarticulate Genius," by W. R. H. Treverbridge (Hurst and Blackett), 6/0; "A Modern Man-saint and Other Tales of the Greenback Club," by F. H. Lockwood (Elliot Stock), 3/6.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

"Thomas Middleton," with introduction by A. C. Swinburne and edited by Havelock Ellis, 2 vols. (Unwin), each, net 2/6; "The Collected Works of William Hazlitt," edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover, Vol. X. (Dent), net 7/6; "The Gorilla Hunters," by R. M. Ballantyne (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan, illustrated (Religious Tract Society), 1/0; "Among the Tibetans," by Isabella L. Bishop (Religious Tract Society), 1/0; "Guide to Journalism," A Practical Handbook, by Alfred Kingston (Pitman), 1/6; "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice" (Little Quarto Shakespeare) (Methuen), each net 1/0; "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," by R. S. Surtees (Methuen), net 3/6.

PERIODICALS

"Sunday Magazine," "Good Words," "Westminster Review," "Geographical Journal," "Priory Magazine," "Saint George," "Bookman," "United Service Magazine," "New Liberal Review," "Indian Magazine," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Books and Book-Plates," "The London," "The Library World."

Foreign

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

Herz (Dr. E.), *Englische Schauspieler und Englisches Schauspiel zur Zeit Shakespears in Deutschland*..... (Hamburg : Voss) 6m.
De Zuylen de Nysveit (La Baronne Hélène), *Eiffellemente* .. (Lemerre) 4 fr.
Schmidt-Bonn, Mutter Landstrasse. Das Ende einer Jugend Schauspiel in drei Aufzügen..... (Berlin : Fleischel) 1 mark

NEW EDITIONS

Petermanns (Dr. A.), *Mitteilungen, Herausgegeben von Professor Dr. A. Petermann* 50 Band 1904..... (Gotha : Justus Perthes)

BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.—Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Choice Books and General*); MM. J.-B. Baillière et Fils, Paris (*Livres de Sciences*); Messrs. E. George and Sons, 151, Whitechapel Road, E. (*Art, Science, and General*).

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

X.—On the Nursery Label

MEN, who will watch with painful and inexhaustible solicitude every fluctuation of the money market, and women, who will become inspired in their eagerness to follow every shade of change in a lover's temper, are nevertheless dense, unobservant, and always wrong when they have to deal with the character of any near blood relation. No one denies that an individual is least known by the members of his own family: brothers and sisters on the subject of each other's peculiarities are often very amusing, but they are never right. Few parents can manage their own children; fewer still have the gift of gaining their confidence, and the grinding tragedy of family life lies in the fact that familiarity with a person's mannerisms is accepted indolently as intimacy with that person's heart.

In the first place, the label for life is given by the nurse and the nursemaids—Master Charles is a little pig: Master George is a pretty dear: Miss Ethel is a lamb of a child: Miss Kate is as spiteful and as sly as they make them: Master Wilfred is a selfish, horrid boy: Miss Amy is the biggest liar that ever walked: Master Basil has a nasty, sulky temper: Master Tom is a Turk: Master Percy is as good as gold: Miss Ada is a proud, forward minx no one could take to. And so on. These untrained, misunderstood Masters and Misses, prejudged and influenced by servants (themselves mostly undisciplined), grow up: and the nursery label, after a certain period, becomes regarded, if it be unflattering, as a family secret, and if it be flattering, as a family credential. Ethel, for instance, is a pet and a lamb for ever—this is announced from the house-tops: Wilfred, for ever—this is murmured in confidence—has a selfish, horrid disposition. This is silly enough, but there is worse to be told. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the nursery label, in its crude way, is approximately correct: Basil, at seven, did sulk, and Percy, at eight, was as good as gold. But the discipline of life, of education, of illness perhaps, of sorrow perhaps, of pleasure and success perhaps, of ease and indulgence perhaps, of hard labours and embittering trials perhaps, will make short work of the finest, most careful label ever thought out—whether by the astute governess or the blundering servant. Ethel, the lamb, under the strain of constant praise, grows gradually into Ethel the tyrant: the proud Ada, after harsh reverses, becomes a sympathetic silent woman: bold Tom, on the strength of his possibilities in the way of courage, declines into a loafer: the selfish Wilfred, after a few tussles with the egoism of the world, astonishes strangers by his nobility:

the despised fool of a family not infrequently makes it famous: the bright hope is too often its most humiliating burden: I do not know of a case where the nursery label found its justification in a career. The label, however, would matter little enough if it did not lead to so much unnecessary pain and confusion in a world where there is already too much grief that is unavoidable. Human beings change hourly and daily, and it is piteous to find people who, while they admit that the laws of transition and development are the first laws of life, will not take the trouble to remember them in connection with those whom they are taught to regard as their nearest and dearest.

We can all see depressing changes and striking improvements in the relatives of other people: each of us has spent hours of wonder discussing the unkindness and obtuseness of our best friend's parents: there was never yet a marriage made for love, except on the sound basis that the bridegroom's people—though charming—did not understand *him*, and the bride's people—though nice in every way—never really understood *her*. The old worn jokes, of which we are all weary, about mothers-in-law and "in-laws" altogether could not have lasted so long if they had not touched on partial or temporary truth. I say partial or temporary, because I must hope, at least, that it is not eternal. There are signs in the land that the great science of human souls—which was always the first consideration in the Catholic religion and in all other mastering religions—is being restored to its right position at the head of all the sciences. It is a monstrous thing to comprehend the stomach of a dead fish and misjudge, through ignorance, your brother's soul. I take the liveliest interest in the anatomy of the dead fish, but it cannot be compared, for a second, with the everlasting importance of a passing mood in a neglected beggar—so highly should we rate the mind of man. I do not say that there is not enough self-analysis and self-introspection. The least sympathetic persons will think willingly and incessantly of themselves: they find clues to their own unknowableness in every novel they consider readable, and in every play they can enjoy. Self-study is to psychology what the practice of scales is to the musician—a means of gaining clearness. But, just as one may play scales to perfection, yet stumble ignominiously through a fugue by Bach, so the individual may know, beyond praise, himself and his needs and yet go utterly wrong in his estimate of a fellow creature. Laziness is a genial failing; it has, moreover, an artless healthy value in this feverish age; I would call it inexcusable only at those moments in a conversation when the nursery label is brought forward, and left uncontradicted for want of a trifling exertion of some one's heart in the direction of justice.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

To me the daily paper, morning or evening, is no source of interest. I care not for news, only for history, and news does not become history until it has been tempered by time. The din of party politics, of international strife, of commercial enterprises, of social chatter is no music to my ears but merely noise, and of such din the newspapers are only too full. I remember that once I was sojourning in a remote village

in Thuringia, far away from any echo of the doings of the day; while there I never saw a newspaper. On my return to the busy burghs which call themselves the world I slipped back into my accustomed place and routine, and soon realised that though for a month or more I had heard no news I was not, therefore, one penny the worse or the less wise.

The daily newspaper has become an evil habit with too many folk ; a form of mental dram drinking. So eager has the taste for news become that it is no infrequent occurrence to hear a reader exclaim as he—or she—tosses aside the sheet, " The paper is stupid to-day ; there's no news." No news for me is good news ; why should I want news, of what profit is it to me ? There may be wars, there are more often rumours of wars ; there may be moving accidents by flood and fire, brutal crimes, commercial panics—what of them ? What have they to do with me ? As news little, as literature less. If murders fascinate me have I not de Quincey and Shakespeare ? If war, have I not Carlyle and Kinglake ? Pooh, no, for me the daily paper as news conveyer has no interest.

As far as letters are concerned I live by books alone and live very well too. I have sometimes tried to estimate how much of my life-joy books stand for. I have asked myself what would become of me if books were forbidden and my answer has ever been that without books I should wither away and die. All this to the man for whom books are mere entertainment for a vacant hour must appear mere midsummer madness, but to us who love them it is but matter-of-fact. I was told once by a loud-voiced friend that I should be ashamed of myself for spending so much of my time in reading. " Why," answered I, " what better could I do ? " He laughed, and made the inane reply that time was money. Maybe it is, but I spend my time and my money in purchasing for myself the pleasure that satisfies me most, books, books to love and read.

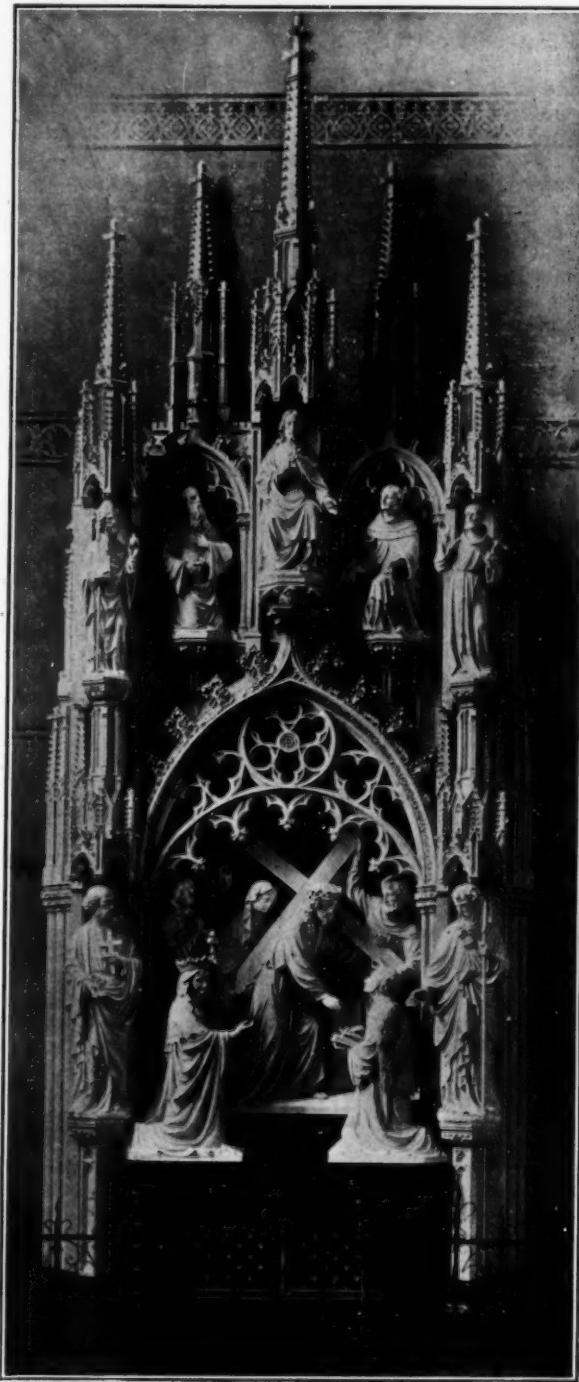
Yet this very friend have I seen reading the daily papers, morning and evening, stuffing his mind with windiness and information, mostly wrong, about matters that are no concern of his, he who bawls into my ear that time is money. How vastly learned the world would soon become if men and women read books in place of newspapers ! Had I my way I would abolish all newspapers save one, which should be the property of the State, should contain no articles, no advertisements, nothing in short but a summary of the truthful news of the day. But then rumour lies with a loud voice, so my journal would be as brief as any news letter sent by town mouse to country mouse. All of which is one of my foolish old daydreams, which I dream as I wander about the streets, to the infinite peril of my life for my eyes are ever turned inward, or by the fire-side as I halt between one chapter and the next. If it were not for our daydreams how dreary, how grey life would be. All great men were dreamers and none of their achievements ever equalled the glory of their dreams. Why, then, should I not be content to read and dream and do nought ? I am content ; let others do as they list, so that they disturb not my dreams by bawlings.

E. G. O.

A Monument to Thomas à Kempis

In the immediate neighbourhood of Zwolle, a provincial town of Holland, lies a low hill called St. Agnietenberg. There formerly stood the monastery of the Augustinians where Thomas à Kempis lived and worked, and in the chapel of which he was buried in 1471. For two centuries his body rested there. In 1672 Bishop Maximilian of Cologne put the mortal remains of Thomas à Kempis in a beautiful pale green shrine, and brought them in " a carriage with six horses " to the Chapel

of St. John in Zwolle. This chapel had to be rebuilt, and in the Cathedral of St. Michael which arose in its place the relics of Thomas à Kempis were on 10 November,



MONUMENT TO ST. THOMAS À KEMPIS AT ZWOLLE

1897, with great ceremony, deposited in the magnificent tomb of which the above is a faithful reproduction.

From all parts of Europe people contributed to the funds of this monument, which has been projected and built by the sculptor F. W. Mengelberg, in the Flemish style of the eighteenth century. On a foundation of black marble rests the sarcophagus in which, behind a fence of wrought

iron, the relics are placed in their old shrines. The marble bears, in Latin, the following inscriptions: "In honour, not in remembrance, of Thomas à Kempis, whose name shall last longer than any monument," and a little higher are found the opening words of the first chapter of the first book of "The Imitation of Christ": "He that followeth Me, shall not walk in darkness." From this foundation of black marble rise the different groups of figures in cream-coloured sandstone. The principal group is formed by Thomas devoutly kneeling before Christ and noting down His words for posterity. Among the minor groups we notice, in the first place, Mary mother of Christ, then Mary Magdalen and various Apostles. And above these groups rise higher and higher the Gothic spires, and there Christ the Victor is seated, surrounded by the four Saints who founded their Religious Orders in his imitation. This is the monument worthy to glorify such a man as Thomas à Kempis.

Science

Its Latest Ally

We hear much nowadays of the rapidity and facility with which Japan has adopted Western civilisation: and she is rightly admired therefor. It is indeed, a good hap that has provided her with chloroform and carbolic acid—with modern surgery, that is to say—ere the beginning of what promises to be a long campaign. It is not possible for us to conceive what chloroform means to the soldier. Here is a merciful anaesthetic, easily administered, needing no apparatus whatever (unlike ether), certain in its effects, and so powerful and concentrated that the question of portage hardly arises. What agonies it is now abolishing in the Far East who can say: and for this agent Japan owes a debt to a man of a far distant race, who risked his life in anaesthetising himself with it, fifty-seven years ago, in an Edinburgh dining-room. No less great than its debt to Sir James Simpson is its debt to Lord Lister, "who saves more lives every year than Napoleon took in all his wars."

But it has not all been mere adoption and imitation on the part of Japan. In the science of relieving human suffering, I have quoted two discoveries, made by a Scot and a Yorkshireman, which will save thousands of Japanese—and Russian—lives, and will relieve immeasurable agonies in the present campaign. But, confining ourselves to the records of that same branch of science, we may easily discover that we, too, are in Japan's debt for at least three notable discoveries, two of which have already saved many European lives. I do not say that they take rank with anaesthesia and Listerism, but they are noteworthy additions, nevertheless, to the war-stores of the healing art.

The oldest of these is the discovery by Kitasato, a Japanese bacteriologist, of the bacillus that causes lock-jaw or tetanus. Now, if there is any branch of science that requires patience, manual and ocular dexterity—if one may use the phrase—and a genius for details, it is bacteriology. Anyone who knows how Pasteur, its founder, discovered the life-saving treatment of hydrophobia, or who has read the history of Koch's successful search—rewarded after many years—for the tubercle bacillus, will agree with me in this assertion. And these are typical Japanese qualities, as their art abundantly proves. The most dexterous dissector I ever knew was a Japanese. Therefore it is not surprising that we owe to them the discovery of the *bacillus tetani*, leading to the production of an anti-toxic serum which is now regularly used and is by far the most efficient remedy we possess for this terrible disease.

But this is not their only achievement in bacteriology, for a Japanese observer named Shiga has recently discovered the bacillus which causes a great many cases of dysentery: and though that discovery has not yet led to any improvement in prevention or treatment, and will therefore not lower, during this struggle, the death rate from that dire foe of the soldier in wartime, no one doubts that this is the first step towards our control of another deadly disease.

The third discovery is really more interesting, because it raises newer problems. There is in the body of each of us a pair of organs known as the adrenal glands: yet unknown to the public, though life could not continue without them. It is a curious fact, by the way, that the public has heard of the stomach—which is the least important of the digestive organs, and which many people are now living without in perfect comfort—yet has never heard of the pancreas, which is the digestive organ par excellence, and which is essential to life quite apart from its digestive function. Occasionally we consume, as a dainty, an animal's pancreas, which we call a "sweat-bread," but we never suspect that without our own sweatbread we could not live for more than three weeks. Similarly the adrenal glands, without which we would die in an even shorter time, are not known to public fame. It was a Japanese chemist, Takamine, who isolated from these glands the invaluable substance which they produce for the benefit of the rest of the body. It is known as adrenalin, and nearly every sample of it, if prepared by a good firm, bears upon it the name of that distinguished Japanese. I have not space here to discuss the normal rôle of adrenalin. I would only say that if there were none in your blood just now, you would not have the muscular strength to sit in an easy chair, far less stand or walk. But the most remarkable influence of adrenalin is on the blood-vessels. A solution containing one part of it in a million will contract the microscopic blood-vessels in the foot of a frog so that you can no longer see them. Hence it is the most powerful of all chemical agents for stopping haemorrhage. It will arrest bleeding from the nose when everything else has failed: not that that much matters, for the nose is accessible to mechanical means; but adrenalin has already saved many lives that were oozing away in a thin red stream no surgeon could reach. I wonder how many Russian soldiers' lives will be preserved by it during the present war, to enable them to fight against Takamine's fellow countrymen? Not that they will know their saviour's name or race.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

SOME little time since I promised to consider more in detail the only plan that appears to me practical for establishing a repertoire theatre in London. The suggestion is that the London County Council should set aside a plot of land belonging to them, in a central position, and build thereon a moderate sized, unpretentious and comfortable play-house; that this theatre should be leased for a rental representing 5% on the capital outlay and on the loss of rent from the land; that the lessee should be granted a lease upon certain well defined and well considered terms. The chief advantage of this plan is that it would cost the County Council nothing; it can borrow money at less than 5%, and if the repertoire scheme fails the theatre could be let in the ordinary way or sold. Now for the details.

THE terms of the lease should include a veto upon all musical pieces whatsoever; a specified number of performances every year of a specified number of Shakespeare's plays; the performance every year of a specified number of plays not less than 100 years old; the production every year of a specified number of new plays; I would suggest two new dramas and two new comedies, and sixty representations of five of Shakespeare's and sixty of five other old plays. Also the lessee should be bound to give a certain proportion of these representations by aid of his stock company, or, to put it another way, that his stock company should appear for a specified number of nights each year. When not playing in London the stock company could doubtless tour through the provinces with profitable results. The actors and actresses of the company should be engaged for at least three years, should be given shares of the profits in proportion to their salaries, and should be bound over to accept any parts in any plays chosen for them by the lessee.

THERE are various admirable touring companies travelling through the country playing pieces new and old, which could doubtless arrange, even in the case of quite modern plays, to occupy the boards of the repertoire theatre for periods of a week or a fortnight. There is the admirable company recently organised by Mr. Tree, and looking down the "On Tour" list in "*The Stage*" I note the following: "The Admirable Crichton" Company, The Benson Company, Mr. Willard's Company (surely he would help), The Compton Comedy Company, Sir Henry Irving, and Miss Ellen Terry. Those among them could provide varied and valuable entertainment, and could share the profit with the lessee. And there are others. Then there is the Stage Society, who would doubtless be glad to have a permanent home.

SCENERY and dresses are the next difficulty; these would be required only for the performances of the stock company. Now, a little good scenery goes a long way; a few well-selected interiors and exteriors, all capable of varied arrangement, would suffice at any rate for the beginning, and all could be bought second-hand. The stage should be of a medium size for obvious reasons. Stage properties could be gradually accumulated, also dresses, armour, decorations, &c.—all second-hand. Warehouse room would have to be carefully considered and provided.

THE question of what manner of man the lessee should be is another difficult matter. He should not be an actor or a dramatist. Whatever else he may be, he must be a hard-headed, practised man of business and a man of sound education. Whether practical experience of theatrical management is essential is open to question. The type of man I have in mind is that personified by Mr. John Hollingshead before he devoted himself to burlesque. Granted—and it is a big grant, I allow—your theatre, your players, your equipment, your manager, what of your plays? The old ones may be allowed to settle themselves, and the public will soon show which they prefer; but for your new ones? Here, indeed, is a practical difficulty. Would the short runs and the consequent small profits on individual plays appeal to Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones or Mr. Barrie? Or, in fact, to any of our successful playwrights? They can answer for themselves; at any rate it is to be hoped they would be willing to allow occasional revivals of old successes. Should we then have to depend for new works upon the great unacted? This brings me to my main point, which is that any repertoire theatre whatsoever will give little, if any, direct assistance

toward the achievement of a higher class of new plays. All that it can be expected to do for us is to sustain interest in the masterpieces we already own, thereby educating and stimulating public taste, and to train up a school of all-round practised actors. If only it accomplishes that work, it will be worthy of our best support.

WHAT amount of support can such a theatre be expected to receive? Quite sufficient, I believe, to make it a profitable concern to lessee and actors. There is already a very considerable public in London and the provinces who are ready to support adequate performances of fine plays, and the very performances of such plays will quickly increase that public. Then, as I have already suggested, I see no reason why subscription seasons should not be arranged—one in the spring, one in the summer, and one in the autumn and winter. Among the subscribers I have already suggested the metropolitan newspapers, most of whom could afford to pay for their critics' seats. In fact the lessee should actually, not nominally, suspend the free list once and for all. Is it too much to hope that His Majesty would head the list of subscribers and that some of our social leaders would help?

THERE is the scheme, still in outline, with many difficulties unsolved, some even unmentioned. It is a careful attempt to avoid the practical difficulties which vitiate all other schemes, some of which call for the efforts of philanthropy, which would kill and not revitalise the art of the theatre, some of which cry aloud for the moon. We do not want the theatre of a clique or that of a set of cranks; Mr. Pinero was right when he said that what we want is a theatre where the masterpieces of English Dramatic Literature would find an abiding home.

"FRÈRE JACQUES," a comedy in four acts, by Henry Bernstein and Pierre Veber, just produced at the Paris Vaudeville, is a pleasant play with witty dialogue not devoid of a kind of elegance, and with characters that are distinctly amusing. The study of sentiment that furnishes a pretext for the comedy, if somewhat thin, is not without charm. Needless to say, Tarride's acting is beyond praise, and he is well supported by the rest of the company.

DER MEISTER. Komödie in drei akten. Von Hermann Bahr. (Berlin: Fischer.)

CAIUS DUHE, a successful physician with a strong individuality, believes himself to be a sort of *Uebermensch* standing far above the motives and actions of ordinary men. He bends all with whom he comes in contact to his will, or thinks he does, for he knows, he is certain, much better than they do themselves of what they are really capable. A promising violinist he turns into a secretary and typewriter, and accomplishes other equally desirable or undesirable transformations. Marriage he regards as a matter of pure reason; love is never a necessary factor in the union, and lapses from the marriage vow by either husband or wife should always be condoned. Yet when his own wife goes astray his philosophical calm is somewhat ruffled. But he is not convincing either with his "Strength-theory" or his "Reason-theory." There is only one human being in the play in whom we can feel an interest, and he is the Japanese, Dr. Kokoro, who has been sent by his government to Europe to study medicine and Western civilisation. So excellently is he portrayed that we are glad, despite its many faults, that the play has been written. We should like to quote a number

of his observations on men and matters, but must content ourselves with one or two. When Duhr boasts that he is no slave to his passions, that he deals with everything, even with an erring wife, by the light of pure reason, that he never fails in justice towards all, the Japanese answers to the effect that to love and to protect those whom we love, even against themselves, is far better than being merely just. It is God's place to be just. It is foolishness for us to boast ourselves cleverer than fate, which works through our passions, and to think we can cut its threads with the shears of reason. The dialogue throughout is good and telling, far better than the action. But dialogue alone, however clever and easy, will not make a good play, and it is somewhat surprising that the great theatre of Berlin should have produced "The Master." Admirable as Bahr is as a critic of plays, we fear he will never rank high as a maker of them.

Musical Notes

WHAT a fellow is this Richard Strauss! He is as bad as Wagner for the way in which he makes his critics change their minds. When "Also sprach Zarathustra" was performed at the Strauss Festival last June, for instance, it was written of as follows by the critic of an esteemed contemporary:—

In it Herr Strauss seems to us to have leaped forward to things which, until his time, had been unsuspected in music.

Certain orchestral combinations sometimes goaded the ignorant to laughter. These did not realise the meaning of "Also sprach Zarathustra," which philosophically speaking captures the meaning of modernity as the winging sparrowhawk takes its prey, with certainty and with unerring definiteness. "Also sprach Zarathustra" is a marvellous expression of the thoughts of our own time. It leans backwards and forwards: it reaches here and there; it does not stay at what have been called the heresies of Beethoven; it has individual significance.

That was thoroughgoing, that was eloquent, that warmed the heart of the Strauss lover.

JUDGE therefore of the latter's astonishment when he found the same distinguished authority writing of the self-same work within a few brief months in the following terms:—

It is extraordinary to consider how simple, how natural, and how utterly childlike is the music of Richard Strauss. . . . His simplicity, his absolute denial of complexity of form, his search after sheer beauty without any sort of demand upon anyone's intelligence, his romantic ideas, not always fulfilled in his music, but at the same time well meant, well intended, are exceedingly interesting. . . . Strauss is amazingly naïf; he is simply the expression of childlike thought in music. . . . It is absurd to think of Strauss as a complete musician. . . . He does not do otherwise than sing the song of sheer childishness, of sheer irresponsibility, of absolute forgetfulness of the things which make this mournful life of ours tend towards the realisation of that which is to be. . . . That he is a great man needs no reiteration; but that a great deal of his work is absolutely as cheap as anything that music can give to mankind is a matter beyond contradiction.

Now are not these conflicting judgments very interesting? And do they not throw a striking light on the difficulty of the Strauss problem? The critic in question is one who, as is well known, takes himself with all becoming gravity. Yet one finds one and the same work producing within the space of a few months these extraordinarily diverse impressions. What had seemed in June to "capture the

meaning of modernity as the winging sparrowhawk takes its prey with certainty and unerring definiteness," and to constitute "a marvellous expression of the thoughts of our own time," appears in January music "without any sort of demand upon one's intelligence . . . a song of sheer childishness, of sheer irresponsibility, of absolute forgetfulness of the things which make this mournful life of ours," &c., &c. The contrast is absolute. Yet one cannot doubt that the writer sincerely recorded the impressions which he received in each instance. Such an example is a lesson to those who would sum up Strauss, or any other master (Brahms, say), as Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha played his fugues, "off-hand and runnily."

ANOTHER critical utterance touching, or rather, in Parliamentary phrase, "arising out of" "Zarathustra," was that of "E. A. B." in the "Daily News," to the effect that "in 'Zarathustra' we have Strauss in the stage of experimentalist, just as Wagner was an experimentalist in the first two acts of 'Siegfried'." Now as one who holds "Siegfried" to be absolutely the most perfect, from beginning to end, of all the four sections of the "Ring," the passage which I have italicised seems to me a very hard saying. In what respect any portion of "Siegfried" whatsoever, whether in the first, the second, or the third act, can be regarded as "experimental" I am completely at a loss to imagine. Such a term might conceivably be applied to "Das Rheingold," to "Die Walküre," or to "Götterdämmerung"—but to "Siegfried"! Perish the thought!

It is true that the music of the third act was written later than that of the first and second, but when one thinks of the glorious music which the latter contain—the magnificent Wander-Mime scene, the Forging music, the Waldweben music and the rest—it is hard indeed to adopt the accepted view, that the music of the third act is superior to what has gone before. Indeed I do not hesitate to say that in many respects the third act is the weakest of the three. The music certainly is glorious enough, but who in his heart of hearts does not find the long-drawn duet too long? Who can regard it as completely satisfactory from a dramatic standpoint? It is one of those few instances, in my judgment—another is the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung"—in which Wagner failed more or less by attempting too much. Pelian is piled on Ossa, climax succeeds climax, but the net result is—something less than absolute success. Certainly there is not a page in either of the preceding acts so obviously open to criticism. Wherefore it is amazing to hear the latter dubbed "experimental."

To hear de Pachmann play the "Waldstein" sonata so soon after D'Albert was a somewhat interesting experience. The comparison was bound to go against the Pole of course, for de Pachmann is distinctly not a Beethoven player. But D'Albert might have learned something from his performance, none the less. A slight infusion of de Pachmann's smoothness and elegance, in fact, is precisely what the so-called "little giant" most requires. It is, indeed, rather singular when you come to think of it, that for all his antics and grimaces and other eccentricities of manner de Pachmann's actual playing is never disfigured by the least excess or departure from good taste. If he behaves at times rather like a mountebank, he never plays other than as an artist. D'Albert on the other hand cultivates no peculiarities of manner, but in his playing often exceeds the limits of propriety.

In his capacity as *farceur de Pachmann* was in excellent form last Saturday, and his little gesture of delight when, having done his duty by Mozart and Beethoven, he took his place at the instrument to tackle a more congenial portion of his programme in the shape of Schumann's G minor sonata was an eloquent expression doubtless of a very real sentiment. But has this curious fact ever been noticed concerning those famous nods and becks and wreathed smiles with which de Pachmann annotates his performances—namely, that his gestures and grimaces bear as often as not the least possible relation to the character of the music in hand? Thus a passage of the utmost solemnity he will deliver with a smile of infantile delight. Does this not go to explain a good deal? The pianist whose countenance is suffused by happy smiles while he plays an *adagio molto*, say, of Beethoven, is scarcely likely to bring out all its meaning. The contrast between the thing played and the manner of its performance is sometimes quite laughable in de Pachmann's case.

THE Broadwood Concerts are excellently interesting as a rule, but their programmes might frequently be more felicitously drawn up. There is really great art in the right choice and arrangement of an evening's music, and a flagrant instance of how not to do it was provided by one of these recent concerts at which Professor Hugo Becker was put down for solo after solo while the supreme attraction of the concert in the shape of the Bohemian quartet were reserved for a single innings at the very end of the programme. Without any reflection on Herr Becker, whose playing needs no commendation at this time of day, one would gladly have foregone a few, if not all, of his solos in order to have had a little more of the Bohemian players. For Herr Becker we have often with us, while the Bohemians come but seldom. For once in a way a programme of three quartets might even have been held justified.

THE case of the critic who recently did penance in a letter to his editor for having omitted from one of his notices the name of a principal performer, by no means stands alone. The thing has been done before not infrequently—by design and otherwise. Not long ago, for instance, a certain American musical weekly published a long account of a vocal concert, in which while the work of the accompanist was with much particularity commended, the name of the singer was not mentioned once from beginning to end. The explanation was understood to be that the accompanist had business relations with the advertising department of the journal, while the vocalist had not. In another instance a well-known critic penned nearly half a column in a London daily regarding a certain fair débutante, who was alluded to with such a wealth of periphrasis, that in this case again the actual name of the performer was never disclosed. "Sheer carelessness, madam," was however the explanation in this case.

Art Notes

IN "Harper's Magazine" this month is a charming example of the fine art of Sarah Stilwell, the American lady on whose brilliant talents I discoursed in these pages when touching on the remarkable talents of Miss Shippem Green and Miss Jessie Willcox Smith. It is a strange thing that, with two exceptions, we have been unable in this country, the home of great illustrators, the land of Charles Keene and Aubrey Beardsley, of Phil May and Sime and Du Maurier, and the Beggarstaff Brothers and Pinwell and Boyd Houghton, and Raven Hill, and the

rest, it is a strange fact that we seem unable to produce editors who can gather the best illustrators into a band and produce a great magazine. The sole exceptions to this pathetic generalisation have been the "Pall Mall Magazine"—which, as some one sadly observed, is backed by American enterprise—and "The Idler" for the splendid year or two when it bore as its cover the beautiful purple design by Sime. I am leaving "The Butterfly," "The Savoy," and "The Yellow Book" out of the question because they were not magazines quite in the ordinary sense. Well, "The Idler," a superb effort during that year or two that gave us the fine work of the men of "The Butterfly" group, Sime's "Beauty Spot" and the like, Raven Hill's studies of a serious kind, Edgar Wilson's decorative pieces, fine work by Cowper and Clayton Calthrop and Greiffenhagen, and others—this Idler died for mere lack of support by the public. It is to the eternal shame of the public, but the fact remains. So to-day we have the "Pall Mall Magazine" for sole rival to the three great illustrated American magazines, "Harper's," "The Century," and "Scribner's." To a certain extent the "Pall Mall" holds its own; it certainly stands far above all other English illustrated magazines—which I fear is no high praise, for English magazines have sunk to the uttermost depths, what with their multitudinous petty illustrations and swarms of photographs, each more hideously placed upon the page than the last. The "Pall Mall" to-day stands in splendid isolation. Its interviews with celebrities by William Archer, with their beautifully placed portraits, are the very type of perfection in this realm, and far surpass anything of a like nature in the pages of its American rivals—they are almost of universal interest. The editor has not always a nice discrimination in rejecting certain mediocre artists, indeed it is often difficult for an editor to cut his friends, but in this also "Harper's" and others equally offend. There is a sense sometimes in the "Pall Mall" of things inferior being set too close to things excellent. But on the whole the standard is very high. Greiffenhagen and Edgar Wilson and Hartrick have their place; for the "Pall Mall" Raven Hill has done some of his very best black and white work, and E. J. Sullivan has constantly given distinction to its numbers. Its literary matter has not always the breadth of aim and the largeness of view of its American rivals; but on the other hand, it is on the whole less ponderous. And I feel perfectly sure that its success depends largely on its handsome treatment of artist and author alike.

I HAVE never been quite able to understand this superiority of the American magazine over ours, especially when it is remembered that our illustrated weeklies are, or were, on the whole, superior to the American. But I think it is due to some arrangement by which the art editor is free of the literary editor. Literary editors are often strangely deaf to art. It is one of those strange facts of nature; but so it is. In America the magazine writer and the magazine artist have always been well paid. And it is almost a commonplace to say that the discovery of Velasquez and Japan by Europe and America in the mid-nineteenth century, together with the creation of the American magazine, have founded American art and the high artistic achievement of our cousins across the water. Velasquez gave us Whistler and Sargent. The American magazine, steeped in the artistic spirit of the great Englishmen of the eighteenth century, gave us Howard Pyle and Edwin Abbey. Whilst our English magazines, run upon more economical lines and often by literary editors alone, scorned the work of men of the superb genius of Aubrey Beardsley, who had to invent his own magazine before he could get a hearing; were indifferent to the whimsical genius of Sime; and were content with

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second-rate men when England was particularly rich in men of the most brilliant parts.

By the way, there is on view now at the Leicester Galleries an exhibition of Edwin Abbey's drawings for Shakespeare's comedies which enriched the pages of "Harper's" and gave an impetus to artistic endeavour in the pages of magazines both in America and here that it is almost impossible to exaggerate. At the same galleries is a collection of the work by other fine illustrators, Frederick Sandys, Rossetti, Leighton, and others.

ONE of our contemporaries speaks flippantly, not to say with some complacency, about the mistake of several papers in announcing that the Royal Academy had elected the French sculptor Fremet to the rank and majesty of honorary immortal. But the Royal Academy alone is to blame, for the official announcement sent to me certainly contained the name so spelt. I risked the fact, however, that Frémiet was intended, for I came to the conclusion that even the Royal Academicians must have heard of Frémiet, whilst I was equally certain that if I did not know a Fremet by artistic repute, I was quite certain no Academician did. Wherefore I changed the name to that of the sculptor of "Joan of Arc," and slept peacefully. There is a spice of Sherlock Holmes in my nature. I wonder if he were elected by the immortals as Fremet!!!

My criticism of Count Gallatin's book upon Aubrey Beardsley draws a somewhat interesting comment from him. He tells me that, having come into possession of two of Beardaley's drawings of late, he removed the frames and found on the back of each design a most interesting study in red chalk. He asks me to beg all persons who are happy enough to possess such studies on the back of any drawing by Beardsley which may happen to be in their possession to communicate with him to the care of his bankers in Paris, Messrs. Morgan, Harjes and Co. Might I add that the publication of a collection of such studies would be invaluable; and might I also add that I have seen some few designs of Beardsley's which, though quite impossible for publication as they stand, could easily be made possible by the omission, very often, of the smallest details; and as it was to such work that his fantastic mind gave some of its most exquisite artistry, it seems a thousand pities that they should pass into oblivion. Judging by the enthusiasm of Count Gallatin I should say that all such matters could not be entrusted into better or more tactful hands. At any rate, Beardsley's smallest pencil sketches are worth preserving—his was, indeed, an exquisite genius.

At the Council Chamber of the Westminster City Hall, in Charing Cross Road, may be seen daily until the 24th of the month a series of old views of St. James's Park and neighbourhood, which should be of considerable interest to all who are watching the changes at the east end of the Mall and its extension into Charing Cross. The public are indebted to Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham for the exhibition of his collection.

WITH its February number the "Architectural Review" begins a new series. There are so many architects throughout the three kingdoms, to say nothing of the colonies, that there should be good support for a really good technical professional magazine like this quite independently of outside interest. But, as a matter of fact, outside support for an architectural review must be very small—the emptiness of the architectural room at the Royal Academy summer exhibitions proves the utter

indifference of the general public to the mighty art of the building of houses. To express an opinion then on the new series of the "Architectural Review" from the point of view of the public would be futile—the public being wholly indifferent. It is to the profession as a whole that the "Review" must be made to appeal; and it seems to me that this first number of this new series is promising from Mr. Reginald Blomfield's paper on "Philibert de l'Orme," down to the current architectural gossip.

"THE CONNOISSEUR" for February has one or two charming reproductions from the work of Boucher, the Frenchman who with Fragonard and Watteau understood better than any artist how to paint masterpieces that are pleasant to live with. I notice one critic who speaks patronisingly of Boucher as an artist—it is the veriest cant. Boucher saw the possibilities of art that is pleasant to live with; and because he did not paint dreary masterpieces from subjects that old masters painted for churches, he is accused of being frivolous. Good heavens! what is a drawing-room for, if not for frivolity and pleasant talk and genial comradeship and dancing and gossip? Boucher is a great artist; and his prices proclaim the fact. If the critic waits for them to go down, he had better purchase a grey-wig. Who could paint a woman with half his charm and who a child with half his insight, amongst all the ghosts of the old dead past? . . . There is also a fascinating reproduction in colour of Riesener's glorious masterpiece, the "Bureau du Roi" in the Wallace Collection, from a water-colour by E. Foley and W. Eassil.

THE "Burlington Magazine" contains a charming gravure of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, by Romney, amongst other things.

MR. JAMY BROOKS is showing at Graves's Galleries his portraits of the King and Queen, painted for the United Service Club, and he adds to the attractions a small profile of Mr. Gladstone.

MESSRS. BELL continue their clever little miniature series of painters with the life of Michelangelo, by Mr. Strutt; a life most interestingly compressed within the narrow range of the series, and as well illustrated as any book of the series.

MR. EDWARD STRANGE contributes "The Colour Prints of Japan" to the Langham series of art monographs, published by Mr. Siegle, of Langham Place; an excellent little piece of work, and extremely useful and businesslike with its signatures and other helps to the collector. From so high an authority as the author it may be said that the work is good and sound; but it is also, what does not always go with the work of a high authority, eminently intelligent and helpful.

BUT it is to the German monographs on artists, published by Grevel & Co., of King Street, from the German that we have to look for the best value in popular art monographs. Take the one on Donatello, just published, and translated by P. G. Konody—what an excellent piece of work! In its way almost as good as the "Holbein" of the same house—or, perhaps I should say, almost as interesting, as good it certainly is. I am not here concerned with the life of Donatello, which is well done, so much as with the illustrations of the statuary—for it is the illustrations which, in works on art, are of prime value. They are excellent, well chosen as to the point of view, well photographed, and well reproduced. Altogether the series published by Grevel in this country leaves little to be desired.

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Correspondence

Bacon and Shakespeare

SIR,—I was so thankful to THE ACADEMY, when I read its review of Dr. Engel's "Shakespeare-Rätsel," and I hope THE ACADEMY will allow me to answer Mr. Stronach, to tell him that I am very sorry to see national prejudices in his criticism, for he speaks so scornfully of German critics. We have a good old German proverb that everyone is surely not right who is uncivil.

I know quite well Bacon's philosophy, and I would prove, also, he has borrowed his science, if I had time enough. But I will principally censure, if Bacon is a poet or not. Mr. Stronach says, "The German needs an English education" to find it. Quite right; even Schiller's philosophical works are not regarded as poetical works, and only Nietzsche has written his works poetically from our standpoint, but he also is not generally known as a poetical writer. I like English poetry, but Bacon is too dry, without fancy, for me to name him a poet. Dr. Engel surely could better answer than I can, and I am sure, though I am not acquainted with him, he would prove his theses to every one, and so he would sincerely acknowledge it, if any one could convince him scientifically, without irony, if he is not right. That is all truer than my English is correct. In Germany a philosoph must be quite original, for we have a great number of philosophical systems. I am sorry, I can say so, a student of philosophy never will find a philosophy, but philosophies—and never a philosoph was regarded as a poet, only Nietzsche, and the later fact may be a comment for Mr. Stronach. Only Nietzsche is a philosoph-poet, because he has produced a quite new and beautiful style. I must have more time to dispute the originality of Bacon's philosophical system, but I am ever ready to show my reasons why I can never find Bacon poetical.—Yours, &c.,

Schloss Zleb, bei Časlav,
Bohemia.

WILH. FRIED. STOLZ, Phil.D.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

SIR,—Your correspondent, E. Dick, asks for an explanation of some lines in Sonnet XV. In my edition the first line pointed out reads: "As on a bee sheet in a crystalline," an allusion apparently to the preservation of dainty insects and fragile growths in amber. Mrs. Browning's poems, like those of her illustrious husband, have suffered much from the vagaries of printers. I submit that the line taken with the preceding ones presents no great difficulty. "Love's divine" is an instance of poetic licence not differing in form from "the highest," "the dearest," "the base," though less familiar. Here it suggests imprisonment in some unique condition, an ethereal amalgam; and sustains the analogy of the imprisoned bee:—

"Were most impossible failure, if I strove
To fail so."

is a deliberately Elizabethan construction, and may be paralleled often in Shakespeare. The passage with its context implies that her watchers need not regard her anxiously in her loved prison-house, for that should she unworthily seek to escape the dear thralldom her heart, her self, is so completely captivated that freedom is impossible. Undoubtedly there is an under-reference to the isolated invalid life which Elizabeth Bassett was leading when Browning first became acquainted with her. But though a consciousness of this intensifies the pleading protest it is not necessary to the comprehension of it. It may be added, that Mrs. Browning herself wrote concerning her poems, "I have used a certain licence, and after much thoughtful study of the Elizabethan writers, have ventured it with the public." One could wish that prefaces and introductions endeavoured to place the poet's point of view and intention before the reader, instead of only appreciating the value of the work.—Yours, &c.,

S. CUNNINGTON.

SIR,—I would suggest the following solution of the poetical problem from Mrs. Browning, set by E. Dick in your last issue:—

"On this men look till grown too tired to stare,
But cannot comprehend one cryptic line.
Since secrets shut in safes can none divine,—
Since unbelied fly motes in midnight air,
Guesser would probably fail here, though they strove
An age long."

—Yours, &c.,
The Hermitage, Sutton.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

J. M. B. and R. L. S.

SIR,—I had just concluded a second reading of "The Letters of R. L. S." when I struck your remarks about plagiarism in last week's ACADEMY.

Mr. J. M. Barrie gave us the immortal Tommy who always "found a w'y," and in a recent play this gifted author has himself "found a w'y," and dished up for us a very ancient yarn of Stevenson's. I quote from a letter to Mr. Edmund Gosse, dated July 29, 1879: "the Scene" . . . "Royal Hotel, Bathgate. I went there with a humorous friend to lunch. The maid soon showed herself a lass of character. She was looking out of a window. On being asked what she was after: 'I'm lookin' for my lad,' said she. 'Is that him?'"

"Weel, I've been looking for him a'my life, but I've never seen him yet," was the response. Your readers will remember the like incident in "Quality Street."

It is interesting to remember that in 1892 Stevenson wrote in a letter to Henry James, "But Barrie is a beauty, 'The Little Minister' and 'The Window in Thrums,' eh? Stuff in that young man; but he must see and not be too funny. Genius in him, but there's a journalist ever at his elbow—there's the risk. What a page is the glove business in the window! Knocks a man flat: that's guts, if you please."—Yours, &c.,

Leytonstone.

EDWIN T. WALKER.

Classic—Romantic

SIR,—I have been specially studying for some years this question of the distinction between the terms Classic and Romantic, taken, as R. G. says, generally, not separately for any of the different arts. As I view it the distinction is one between two different ways of appreciating or of approaching things to be considered from their aesthetic side. I would call Classical the tendency to include in the object which is to be taken from the point of view of its beauty, a less number, and Romantic the tendency to include in it a greater number of the associations which it (considered in its narrowest physical sense) suggests to the mind.

For instance, a corn field in summer, Racine's "Iphigénie" or Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," imply (in order to be understood and aesthetically enjoyed) fewer of the associated notions which they may directly or indirectly suggest than do a mountain landscape, "King Lear" or "Beata Beatrix." The first three would be more highly admired from the standpoint of Classicism, the latter from that of Romanticism. The associations (philosophical, historical, and otherwise) suggested in both of the latter cases go to form part of the aesthetic effect of the object in each case. In the three former cases, only the more obvious associations are so included.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. F.

"Tolstoi and the Babies"

SIR,—I am delighted that a "Student in Holy Orders" should regard the doctrine that the All-Good Father made human nature "desperately wicked" as "colossal nonsense." I suppose Jeremiah, the author of the phrase, does not rank as one of the theologians I am challenged to quote: nor need I cite Augustine, or support him against Pelagius. I do not know how the dogma of "original sin," certainly held, though not originated, by the former, is reconciled with the belief in an All-Good Father. Augustine believed in both, and therefore—implicitly if not explicitly—"taught such colossal nonsense." As I cannot believe in two mutually exclusive dogmas, and as I prefer to believe in the latter rather than in the former, I never lose a chance of having at the Augustinian theory, which seems to me no less than blasphemous. My challenger doubtless agrees.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SALEEBY.

Fiction and Electricity

SIR,—I have heard it stated that a fictional-scientific book gave a theory that the continued abstraction by Man of Electricity from the atmosphere, will eventually act detrimentally on the climate and life of this planet. What author suggested this?—Yours, &c.,

GUY WILFRID HAYLER.

13 February 1904

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of £s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of £s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of £s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for £s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions**LITERATURE**

AUTHORS WANTED.—Can any reader direct me to the source of the following verse?—

" Farewell! may no thought pierce thy breast, of thy treason;
Farewell! I and be happy in Hubert's embrace;
Be the bells of the ball and the bride of the season,
With diamonds bedizened and languid in lace." —J. C.

Who is the author of the following lines?—

"Cosmella's charms inspire my lays,
Who fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days
Like Glassenburg thorn."

Also, where is Glassenburg, and what is the Glassenburg thorn?—M. O. H.

BROWNING'S "CHRISTMAS EVE."—

"Gone music too! The air was stirred
By happy wings: Terpander's bird
(That, when the cold came, fled away)
Would tarry not the wintry day."

Can any of your readers explain "Terpander's bird" or give the classical reference?—A. R. R.

"POOR ROBIN."—The compiler (William Winstanley) of the early years of "Poor Robin's Almanack" describes himself on the title-page of each issue as "Knight of the Burnt-Island." What does this signify? I am aware that there is a town of Burntisland in Scotland, but do not conjecture any connection.—W. G. H.

"RUNAWAYS: AN-HEIRES."—There are two words in Shakespeare which have puzzled all commentators—"runaways" and "an-heires." The passages in which they occur are:—"Romeo and Juliet": "That *runaway*'s eyes may wish," and "Merry Wives": "Will you go, *an-heire*?" What is a reasonable explanation?—Concord.

ANIMALS AND GOD.—Cardinal Newman says somewhere that animals have more direct means of communication with God than men. Where does the passage occur?—E. M. C. (Salisbury).

* * * "LAMBKINS."—What is the meaning of "lambkins" in the following? : "Let me condole the knight: for lambkins, we will live."—Henry V., Act II, Sc. I, last line. This is imitated by Browning, "The Ring and the Book," Dominus Hyacinthus de Arsonval, last line (1874):—Sing "Tra-la-la, for lambkin, we must live!" unless there is here reference to "lamb's fry," mentioned in line 1,100.—A. T.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Is there any good history of Massachusetts, or of Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, dealing with its literary associations during the past century?—H. P. H.

DEDICATIONS.—What is the first authentic case of a book being dedicated to any one person; and what justification is there for this practice nowadays?—N. K.

GENERAL

* * * **CHURCH WINDOWS.**—In figures on the windows of many medieval churches the departure of the soul from the body is shown by the shape of an infant issuing from the mouth of the figure. How is this conceit explained?—M. T. (Ilkley).

SILURIST.—What is a Silurist? I have the poems of "Henry Vaughan: Silurist," but I cannot find any clue as to what a silurist is or was.—A. J. W.

* * * **DEVINE" OR "DEVIGNE"?**—Can anyone give information of any family of this name in England in the seventeenth century? If there are any records of Quaker or Roman Catholic families during this period, the name should appear either in the county of Wiltshire—where there was a Quaker family of Devine—or in Ireland.—Claymore.

GENERAL WADE.—Is the General Wade who commanded the English Army in the Rebellion of '45 against the Young Pretender, the same as he of whom the delightful Irish ballad was perpetrated?—

"If you'd seen these roads before they were made
You'd bless the mem'ry of General Wade" ?—H. P. H.

Answers**LITERATURE**

"FRANK SEAFIELD, M.A."—This was the pseudonym of a certain Alexander Henley Grant. Under his own name he edited Keble's "Christian Year" and compiled two anthologies of sacred verse.—W. G. H.

* * * **"LORDS OF HELL."**—I do not believe that Tennyson was thinking of the *inferno* when he spoke of "Lords of Hell." I always regarded it as taken from Miltonic phraseology, and referring to Milton's hierarchy of Hell, the "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers." Milton speaks of "Princes of Hell" in "Paradise Lost," Book II. To confirm this view in the same stanza Tennyson refers to "Divine Philosophy," evidently taken from "Comus," 476, "How charming is divine philosophy."—P. (Cambridge).

ORIGIN OF RHYME.—Omitting occasional rhymes, intentional or otherwise, in Virgil, Ovid, &c., the first poem rhymed throughout was probably a Latin song composed in honour of Clochaire II., King of the Franks (d. 628), on his return from a campaign. Muratori, however, in his "Dissertations on Italian Antiquities" cites a Latin poem in rhyming distichs, dating from the sixth century.—W. G. H.

* * * **"HUMPHREY HOUR."**—I think "Humphrey Hour" is the name of a serving man; and I also think that Richard plays with the word "graced" used by his mother. He seems to imply that Humphrey Hour "graced" the Duchess in two ways: first, by styling her "Your Grace"; secondly, by calling her forth from the undesirable company of her troublesome son, so proving himself a "comfortable Hour." In the next line, "If I be so disgracious in your eye," Richard still plays with the word—W. H. P.

CLASSIC—ROMANTIC.—By the term "Classic" is involved the idea of thought and expression, limited by intellectual selection, conforming to the standard of some convention. In the term "Romantic" is involved "an extraordinary development of imaginative sensibility," limited only by the bounds of the imagination. The difference between the two is that between routine and wonder, intellect and imagination.—E. M. W. B.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.—The Classical spirit is marked by restraint, balance, reflection. It is impersonal; conscious of human limitations; its joy is a chastened serenity. The Romantic is the spirit of adventurous, often rebellious, individualism. Emotional and tender; its vision adverted from the actual to an idealised world of wonder and delight.—G. B.

* * * **"DOGBERRY."**—John Aubrey, in his brief life of Shakespeare, says: "The humour of the constable, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (a mistake, one supposes, for 'Much Ado'), he happened to take at Grendon in Bucks which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon." Dogberry appears then to be Shakespeare's own, and he is akin to Dull, the constable in 'Love's Labour's Lost.' What plot there is in this early play seems of the poet's own manufacture; and if Dogberry be, to some extent, Dull retouched, he also claims affinity with Gobbo, Mrs. Quickly, Elbow, and the second gravedigger in 'Hamlet'."—A. R. B.

GISSING'S LAST BOOK.—"The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" might, perhaps, be styled a Romantic Autobiography.—A. R. B.

GENERAL

* * * **"WEIGH," "WAY."**—It is possible to see an ignorant mistake in the nautical "get under weigh." Our word "weigh" is derived from A. S. *wegan*, meaning "to carry," and to weigh the anchor expresses the getting and carrying of it on board. Sailors do not use the term "to get under weigh" to express favourable fluctuation of speed, but to describe the resumption of normal speed after anchoring. Hence "weigh" seems to be quite the right word. The old word "goings" gives one of the many meanings of "way," and only if such a meaning is intended could it be right to say, "get under way?"—S. C.

* * * **PANETTO, PANETTO, PANATONE.**—Panettone means big bread—in the sense of fine or glorified bread. The sweetened dough is made very light and spongy, with a few plums. It is the distinctive cake of Milan, and may be seen in dozens at the buffet of the station.—E. M. C. (Salo).

* * * **"NOT FIT TO HOLD THE CANDLE TO HIM."**—There is good literary authority for this phrase. It occurs in the "Merchant of Venice," where Jessica says to Lorenzo, "What, must I hold a candle to my shames" (II, vi, 41). In this passage, however, it seems to be used in its literal sense, but the use of this phrase in its figurative sense is fairly common among the Elizabethans.—A. J. A.

* * * **"NOT FIT TO HOLD A CANDLE."**—The phrase is not colloquial; Byron writes:—

"Some say, compared to Buonocini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a nimpy;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle."

The allusion is to linkboys who held torches to light passengers.—M. T. (Ilkley).

* * * **POPE'S NAME.**—The name of Pope Surius II. before election (844) was Peter. Out of reverence to St. Peter that Pope took the name by which he is known. Subsequent Popes have followed Surius the Second's example, without the cause that moved him.—Harnatopegos.

TEA BEFORE 1657.—According to old Isaac Darnell tea was introduced into England by Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, who brought over a small quantity from Holland in 1654. But this is contradicted by the following advertisement in *Mercurius Politicus* September 30th, 1658: "That excellent and by all Physitians approved China Drink called by the Chinese Tea, by other Nations Tay alias Tee, is sold at the Sultan's Head Cophee-House in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."—P. S.

CALIGULA.—Reply received from E. Wakefield.

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.—Reply received from J. H. McM.

DRAMATIC

WIND ON THE STAGE.—("Vanity Fair.") I believe that Mr. Forbes Robertson recently tried fans in the wings with disastrous results to scenery and the actors' health.—Garrick.

* * * **MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.**—The correspondent who answered Historian's question is wrong. The grandson of the Regent Philippe d'Orléans (1674-1723), who was born in 1725 bore all these titles. He was called Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, de Valois, Chartres, Nemours et Montpensier, Comte de Vermandois, &c., &c. My authority is the Comte Ducos. In a work by him, entitled "La mère du Duc d'Enghien," we have the marriage contract of Bathilde d'Orléans with the Duc de Bourbon. She was the daughter of Louis Philippe, who was born in 1725. This contract is now at the Archives.—Cuaclator.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

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